





ELMWOOD SCHOOL

261 Buena Vista Drive Ottawa, K1M 0V9

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HEADMISTRESS

Mrs. J.C. Whitwill

Just a few words to thank editors and business staff of Samara for their hard work! Readers will see here a reward of an active year, thanks to the contributions of writers, artists and photographers, and those who encouraged and sometimes hounded them. Good luck to Samara and to Elmwood.

THE PREFECTS



From top of Stairs: Charlotte Baril, Alix Parlour, Jenni Johnston, Head Girl; Heather MacPhee, Rosemary Nesbitt, Karen Molson, Senior Prefect; Carla Peppler.

VICE-PRINCIPAL

Mrs. G. G. Aldous

For eighteen years Mrs. Aldous has walked the halls of Elmwood and has become an indispensable part of the school. Besides carrying out her duties as Vice-Principal and teaching Art History, Sewing, and Classics, she has sewn play costumes, painted backdrops, cooked in the kitchen, mopped up lakes of water in the washrooms, comforted banged knees, gone with tennis teams to Montreal, and accompanied Mrs. Gundy on Grade 13 Biology trips. Sometimes it is difficult to understand how she finds time for it all, but then everyone has heard her exclaim "It's unreal!". Nevertheless, she always manages to get things done. What would we ever do without you, Mrs. Aldous!



ADMINISTRATION



Mrs. McFadyen Secretary



Mrs. Sigmund Accountant



The energetic Mrs. Birch-Jones of British heritage appears in many aspects of Elmwood life. Apart from teaching maths to the top half of the Senior School, Mrs. B-J designs stage sets, plays most sports and even sings.

Seen at most of the volleyball tournaments, supporting the school, Mrs. B.J. was asked to be the Team's mascot. However, she backed down when she found out that she would be tossed, legs first, three times in the air!



The Head of the Junior School, Mrs. Chance hails from Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Mrs. Chance teaches such fine arts as English, History and Bubble Gum Etiquette. Asked to comment on her extra scholastic activities, she stated that quilting, a husband and three children keep her busy. Mrs. Chance's favourite food is Elmwood lunch. The people she most admired were the Bubble Gum Chewers of this world and the Queen. She also owns 89 pets in the Junior School.



Mrs. Davies' years at Elmwood have been spent teaching English, Aborigine and Italian. Her earliest ambition in life was to be a Rally-Car driver (she is still hooked on the idea). Mrs. Davies enjoys maintaining her sanity and playing tennis. The persons that she most admires are Sir Winston Churchill, Frank Sinatra and those who can stand up and can count!

Mrs. Davies' pets are named Tiggy, Abi, Moosey and Chumley.



Mrs. Gundy's place of birth is Scotland.

Her early ambition in life was to play the bagpipes or teach Elmwood Biology.

Mrs. Gundy's 5.75 years at the school have included such special activities as child care and babysitting courses, not to mention frequent camping trips. Her favourite foods are 'health giving' foods, such as Hot Dogs, Chocolate and Haggis. The people she most admires are Art Buchwald, Tom Lehrer and the Loch Ness Monster. As for her favourite saying - well, what do you think?



Sadly, Miss E. Gwilym was unable to remember her name although she did know that she taught something. The 'multi-talented' Gwilym can perform amazing feats which range from eating a cookie faster than the speed of sound, and playing volleyball, to playing the piano with her toes!

Paddington Bear and Grade 12 Ashbury were the persons that she most admired. However, she did say that she quite liked her pet wombat "P.J." and "Mary Poppins". (Very interesting, Miss Gwilym!)



Calliope Harwood-Jones was born on Mt. Helicon. Callie's early ambition in life was to play the flute. During her more recent 253 years at Elmwood, Callie has taught Music, MAGIC, Levitation, Psychokinesis, and Teleporting.

Callie still insists that the world is flat and Apollo is definitely more handsome than Robert Redford! (Callie owns 13 pets which she keeps in Grade 12)



Mrs. Sheila Heacock was born in London, England, and has for two years taught the very gifted Elmwood (not Ashbury) students Arts and Crafts.

Mrs. Heacock's pet peeves are green panty hose with large holes - at present the latest fashion with the Staff. Nevertheless, as Mrs. Heacock would say with raised eyebrow, "CHACUN A SON GOUT!"



Mrs. MacDonald, alias "Bunty", was born in what is now a historical landmark!

Mrs. MacDonald's inside and out of school activities had to be censored by the Editors and are not available for publication. However, we did find out that she has a great admiration for Dr. Seuss, Liberace and his mother.

Mrs. MacDonald believes that women should have more rights than men, and she owns a pet rock named "Herbie".



Mrs. McRae's earliest ambition was to beat up every kid on the block - an ambition which we are assured did not come to fruition. She may have stuck her foot out by accident a few times and caused some of her playmates to hit the ground nose first, but that would be difficult for the victims to prove on regaining consciousness.

Despite her early childhood ambitions of combat, her personality has not developed in a violently aggressive manner!



Sue Miskelly hails from Brandon, Manitoba. Her ambition in life was to become a professional tennis player. Unfortunately Miss Miskelly relates: "I was too short to see over the tennis net, and had to stand on the umpire's chair to get my service in"!

Miss Miskelly's special activities include soccer, cross-country skiing and marathon running. However it has been runnoured that Miss Miskelly will be doing the "Meters for Million" walk on cross-country skis.



Jody O'Brien comes all the way from Vancouver B.C. Her earliest ambition in life was to be a singer but unfortunately she had to audition with Barbra Streisand, who was given extra points for - I think - her ears! Nevertheless it was to Elmwood's advantage that Mrs. O'Brien did not go to Hollywood!

Besides teaching English, Geography and Music, Mrs. O'Brien does such special activities as Choir Folk Groups, the Jazz Group and Hot-Rod car racing.



Mrs. Peat teaches Physics and Chemistry, as well as the Science of "Black Holes" and how to spot a "Close Encounter of the Third Kind".

Her pastime activities are often spent doing her favourite thing - dieting or catching little Juniors "eavesdropping" near the Science Lab!



Mrs. Ellen Routliffe's family roots spring from Shawville, Quebec.

After teaching Maths at Elmwood for 21 years, Mrs. Rout-liffe certainly knows every trick in the book! (WATCH OUT GRADE NINE!)

Her leisure time is spent either with her grandchildren or thinking up tricky algebra problems.



Judith Caron-Sabourin hails from "Le Grand Pays du Quebec". Senora Sabourin's main interest at the school is teaching REV-OLUTIONARY TACTICS in both French and Spanish. Madame's outside activities range from playing Cowboys and Indians to re-enacting the Spanish Revolution. La Senora related her admiration for the Royal Family especially for Rod Llewelyn! She also stated that Paul Newman doesn't hold a candle to Ché Guevara!



"Urmel", as Madame Saint-Macary is known by her friends, is of German descent. Since her childhood, her one ambition in life was to become a trapeze artist. Yet Madame has not given up her dream, and from time to time a huge thud can be heard coming from the French Room followed by a stifled "Ah ja!" or "Kruzifixfurken!".

Madame feeds on Schnitzel, Nudelsalat and Apple Pie. She also collects and stuffs animals. (How awful!)



Wanda Carole Schmidt, or "Mommy" as she is often known as, comes from Minto, New Brunswick.

Apart from teaching Maths and English, Mrs. Schmidt studies such complex Urban Concepts as how to get from Elmwood to the I. G. A.

Her outside activities include collecting Brownie packs and stars, and doing arts and crafts.

Mrs. Schmidt would also like us to mention that she owns Lutino Budgie named "Bird" (How enterprising Mrs. Schmidt!)



P. J. Scott (Pen), place of origin is England. Her earliest ambition in life was to be a gardener, then an archaeologist and later to explore the world. In those early days she was often heard to murmur "Today the garden, tomorrow the world". Mrs. Scott's interests, apart from teaching English and Drama, include playing tennis, eating bananas and greengages while listening to Claude Debussy playing the harmonica. She also firmly believes in 'Woman's Understated Superiority'.



Mrs. Turkington hails from the "Emerald Isle" and has been teaching History and World Politics for longer than she would like to remember! Her many talents are usually expended on taking those budding Elmwood diplomats to Commonwealth Conferences and U.N. Conferences, as well as driving a racing green Honda Civic.

According to popular belief Mrs. Turkington speaks Gaelic in her sleep.



Madame White est née à Brighton, Angleterre. Elle enseigne Le French. Ses intêrets sont le sewing, le quilting, le reading et le loafing. Elle aime beaucoup le food, elle parle beaucoups de food, elle aime toujours dire "Il faut vivre pour manger pas manger pour vivre." Apart from all this Mme. White can often be heard early in the morning (12 noon) mumbling "Where am I going? Who am I?" Never mind, Mrs. White, if you teach French what can you expect?



Unfortunately, owing to a previous engagement at Carnegie Hall with the Elmwood Philharmonic, Mrs. Chapin was not available for interviewing.



From Left to Right: Liz Camp, Co-editor; Lynne Houwing, Advertising Editor; Felicity Smith, Co-editor.

EDITORS' NOTE

Dear Reader,

We sincerely hope that you will enjoy this year's Samara 78. The commencement of the year saw the designing of a new cover by Christine Humphreys; we hope that you will find it to your satisfaction. Another new addition to the yearbook was the Teachers' Questionnaire from which we were able to write a brief synopsis of each member of the faculty (the truth comes out, girls!!). We have noticed that in past years the Juniors are, to a great extent, left out of Samara, and that the magazine seems disproportionately oriented towards the Senior School. We have tried to correct this by devoting more pages to Junior activities and sports (now the Grade Eight girls will NEVER forget that week in April when a class of Ashbury boys descended upon them!). We have also tried to include in this edition of Samara the changes that have occurred at Elmwood during the year - such as, for example, the new look of Closing. Most of all we have attempted to capture the moments which have made this year unique and that, in times to come, will distinguish it from any other. When you're old and gray we hope Samara 78 will help you to relive the many experiences you have had at Elmwood.

We will be pleased to hear your comments on this year's book, and the best of luck to next year's Editors, Candy Warren and Beth Swift.

NZ & Felicity

GRADS



JENNI JOHNSTON

Jenni has just completed her ninth successful year at Elmwood. From Grade 5 to Grade 13, she has punctuated her school career with many triumphs, culminating in her appointment as Head Girl. Jenni is known for her eager participation in every school function, no matter how humble. The school owes her many thanks for her contributions to Senior Volleyball, Soccer, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (its costumes and finances), and "Sui Sang". Jenni is a many-facated person however, and the calm, efficient manager that the school sees every morning is not the Elmwoodian that we know so well. She has tried, on her own initiative, to co-ordinate activities with Ashbury, and the spirit of goodwill which was the result will carry on into next year.

Jenni hopes to study physiotherapy followed by medicine, at a Canadian university next year. We wish her every success in this field.

KAREN MOLSON

Karen, who arrived in Grade 9, is a veteran of Elmwood - and who should know better than she, the ins and outs of this year's Grade 13 class. She has taken part in both "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (as a costume maker) and in this year's production of "The Crucible", in which she co-starred as the unforgettable 'Mary Warren'. Perhaps the greatest contribution Karen has made to the school is through her work on the "Samara". As Editor last year, she produced the finest "Samara" yet, and with her assistance as Advisory Editor such a standard will undoubtedly be maintained this year. Karen was elected Senior Prefect and has performed her duties admirably, and those of us who can be bothered to read the notice board will have noticed the concise minutes of Students' Council, for Karen was also its Secretary this year.

Next year, Karen hopes to study Arts at Carleton University, and early indications point to her having every success.





HEATHER MacPHEE

Heather joined us in Grade 12, and Elmwood has not been the same since. During her first year she participated eagerly in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" as 'Dopey' with the big ears and ever stumbling feet. Heather played in Senior Volleyball and Soccer teams, and she has carried over her enthusiasm to her house games this year, as she was made a Prefect and Head of Fry. Her other less sporting ventures include water fights and snowball attacks on the third floor. Tut, tut. Heather! Her friends will remember her for her stolen weeks in Florida, and rather tropical-looking sun tans, which were visible through gaping holes in her leotards.

Heather hopes to head off to St. F.X. (Francis of Xavier) to study Physical Education next year. Her ultimate aim is to become the first woman R.C.M.P. officer to ride in the Musical Ride!

Good luck to you, Heather!

ROSEMARY NESBITT

An Elmwood veteran of five years, Rosemary never ceases to amaze us: for example, how can a delicate girl like "Dee-dee", armed only with that frivolous confection that she calls a hat, battle her way under subarctic conditions through the treacherous snows of Rockcliffe's unplowed roads? And to think, she is never more than an hour late! However, her daily trek does not detract from the energy she gives to her work as Prefect and Head of Keller. In Grade 12, Rosemary's activities included volleyball, soccer, and campaigning as Advertising Editor of "Samara". She was also a very successful Sports Captain and was responsible for the new Elmwood T-shirts.

Contrary to her house affiliations, Rosemary hopes to follow in Florence Nightingale's footsteps and study Nursing in an Ontario University. Good luck, Rosemary!





CARLA PEPPLER

Carla's deceptively quiet presence has been with us since Grade 7 and those years have seen many changes in her. Always a hard worker and successful achiever, Carla has unknowingly been an example for the rest of the class - whether we followed the example or not! Some of her hidden talents include swimming in the Olympic Trials and piloting airplanes. She was also a member of Elmwood's Tennis Team which made the Ontario High School Championships! Carla has been an industrious Prefect this year, working closely with the Junior School and contributing her efforts to various activity organizations (and Prayers!). Unfortunately she has not yet won her local campaign to have an elevator installed on the back stairs!

Carla plans to study Nursing at university next year where we know she will be very popular: although she won't be needing it, we wish her the best of luck.

ALIX PARLOUR

Those of us who have known Alix for well nigh three years never cease to marvel at her infinite talents and abilities. An invaluable member of the class and the school, 'Mortimer' was the initiator of the successful Drama Club, and assisted in every facet of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". Other extracurricular activities included involvement in the Chess Club and Debating Team, Senior and Junior Choirs, tennis tournaments, and acting as Students' Council Secretary and Assistant Editor of "Samara". This year Alix's brainwave was the (in)famous "Coventry Day", and she also played the part of 'Abigail' in "The Crucible", to mention only a few of the many contributions she made to the school as a Prefect and Head of Nightingale. "Sigh" and "How tragic!" will be remembered as her favourite expressions, and never will we forget "the Alix look"!

Next year Alix hopes to study medicine. We know she will achieve whatever she wants to.





CHARLOTTE BARIL

Back in 1975, Mrs. Whitwill decided that we should improve our French - and the result was Charlotte, straight from La Sarre, Quebec. Now our French is perfect (almost) and Charlotte is tired of people asking her what part of England she comes from! After two years, we have concluded that "I hate you!" is a term of affection, and "How's life?" is her favourite conversational gambit. Charlotte especially delights in learning new expressions such as "You have the nerve to say that!", "Shall we chip in?", and several characteristic and unmentionable Spanish phrases! Becoming a Prefect in Grade 13, Charlotte has applied herself seriously to her duties; she is one of the guiding lights of every Nightingale activity, and is the 'bell of the ball' at every dance. Charlotte hopes to take Business Administration at Ottawa 'U' in the fall so we take this opportunity to alert them:

Attention, 'le pudding' arrive!

PAULINE BLAIR

Pauline is definitely NOT your average Elmwood girl, having such diverse habits as yoga, singing (cough, cough), speaking to inanimate objects like 'Gertrude', and initiating water and jello fights. Along more serious lines, 'Polintsky' contributed much to Keller House as its Vice-Head. to "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", Senior Choir, the Chess Club, the Drama Club, and more recently "The Cabaret". Pauline's infamous afghan provided warmth for many of us who frequently fell asleep in the Common Room - although strictly speaking, it was not made for this purpose! We still find bird seed in corners and crevices of the Common Room, reminding us of the days when Pauline's 'Gandolf The Frog' was kicked to death. Many thanks anyway for the class mascot!

Next fall the Engineering Department of Waterloo will hopefully have a new pupil: we are certain that, with hard work and patience, Pauline will do well in this field.





JANE BURKE-ROBERTSON

When the third floor vibrates with shrill shrieks, squeals of disbelief and hysterical laughter, we know that Jane and Angel are having another one of their insulting contests. When she is not thus occupied, Jane can be found drinking (coke) in the Common Room, doing last minute homework, or talking about Dave. Despite these seemingly wild activities, she has been a steadying influence in our class since Grade 7, with the exception of one year, Grade 11, when she left us to spend a year at B.C.S. This year has been a busy one for Jane, who went through a night school course, resulting frequently in the sacrifice of the following mornings' first period.

Jane is thinking of remaining in Ottawa next year to study Law at Ottawa University. We don't think she'll have any trouble, considering her previous RECORD, passing the BAR exams! Good luck.

ALISON HAYES

Alison is one of those people who is determined to go where she wants to in life. The class is indebted to her for her persistent efforts in arranging the harried details of the Graduation Dance, for which task she was able to call upon her last year's experience in the field. Whenever we see her before she goes to work in the afternoons, dressed in one of her stunning dresses or suits, we cannot believe that this is the same Alison who sits in a green uniform all day! Talented in jazz dancing, ballet, and art, she also likes to participate in school activities, even if it means admitting that she has ANOTHER talent! Her acting ability, for example, was demonstrated when she played 'Rebecca' in "The Crucible", and danced in "The Cabaret".

Alison would like to continue teaching jazz next year, and to attend York University to concentrate in visual arts or dancing. Hang in there, Alison.





ROWENA MacLURE

Rowena is one of the few hard workers in our class, not only in school work but in initiating reforms as well! When she joined us in Grade 11, she was appalled at the state of the bicycle shed, and she has been fighting ever since to have it replaced: we are hoping that her next project will be acquiring a juke box for the Common Room! Rowena will never forget her bicycle accident in Grade 11, nor the weeks afterwards with a wired jaw, and drinking chunky soup through a straw! Her role as Vice-Head of Nightingale and her part as 'Mrs. Putnam' in "The Crucible" this year involved much dedicated effort; another of her dramatic achievements was her part as 'The Mirror' in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". All of Grade 13 will certainly remember for years to come the satisfaction obtained from devouring one of Rowena's famous brownies.

Rowena hopes to study Occupational Therapy in the fall at a Canadian university.

JOHANNE MAROIS

Another new member of our class this year, Johanne is rapidly becoming bilingual. We can always tell when she is at school because the presence of her little red car, with Quebec plates, is so noticeable in the student parking lot! We appreciate her frequent lifts, both to and from Ashbury with (ahem!) a full complement of history-bodies; she is well-known for her unconventional seating arrangements . . . (Oh . . . Hi, officer!). Johanne loves to ski on the weekends, and is an habituée of Hull discos. Other favourite pastimes include riding and getting new, glamorous hairdos! One of Johanne's most ambitious aspirations is to become fluent in Spanish so that she can call herself 'trilingual'.

Johanne is hoping either to travel to England in September to attend Rockhampton School of Equitation, or to remain in town and go to Ottawa university. Bonne chance, Johanne, or perhaps Bon voyage!





RAINE PHYTHIAN

What will we remember about Raine? Probably her lateness every morning, the death of her brown car, her silver car, "The Muppet Show", and "I'm seeing double!" Raine has been dubbed "the source of all gossip". She loves to go to parties, and has a huge wardrobe of outfits to suit every occasion, even "parade ground" in the army. Although she chose to "desert" her position as Head of the Formal Committee, Raine has lent her abilities in this field to the arrangement of the private Grade 13 Graduation Dance. She may never forget the Mediterranean Cruise in Grade 10 (or at least part of it). The Grade 11 camping trip may also stand out in her memory, especially the martians and the night of the thunderstorm!

Although Raine has hoped to obtain a university degree with Louise in "the effects of the Mediterranean sun's rays on the skin", she may have to settle for General Science in a Canadian university.

LOUISE ROBEY

There is rarely a period in the day when we cannot find Louise curled up in the Common Room, reading a gossip magazine. She is another "quiet one" who comes out of her shell only at Disco Dances, which she loves to go to on the weekends. After school on weekdays, she is a waitress at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club with Raine. Despite her brave efforts to make it to school on time in the mornings, she can usually be counted on to be the last to arrive! We will never forget the "stray" dog whom Louise brought to history class, or the impressionable costume she wore for Glamour Day in Spirit Week! We still would like to know how many more years she plans to drive solely on the strength of that age-yellowed "365"!

Louise wishes to pursue the study of languages at a university in Ottawa next year. Considering her present capability in English, French, Spanish, and German, she should not have any trouble.





ELIZABETH SELLERS

Elizabeth came to Elmwood in Grade 7 and since then, she and her very distinctive head of hair have been found in virtually every corner of the school, usually out of bounds. She has lent her considerable talents to Elmwood ventures for seven years: in Grade 12, she led the "Seven Dwarfs" as 'Doc', and this year she starred in "The Crucible" as 'Elizabeth', displaying the full range of her dramatic capabilities.

When the early mornings do not prove too much for her, Liz shows her practical side as the Students' Council representative for Grade 13; she has also taken vigorous parts in the Formal debate. One of the great (mentionable) passions of Elizabeth's life is riding, and she is finally in a position to satisfy her desire. Elizabeth will leave Canada after completing Grade 13 to attend Rockhampton, an academy of equitation in England.

Good luck, Liz. Our best wishes to you.

AGUEDA TAKACS

For two years, through sheer willpower and determination, Agueda has resisted the temptations which have been the downfall of the rest of us. This time last year, however, Agueda couldn't have dreamed she'd ever be teaching us swear words in Spanish! She is known for her facial expressions which change every few minutes, and range from utter disbelief to screwingup-her-nose-in-distaste. (We have yet to see her look embarrassed.) Another of Agueda's admirable assets is her ability to concoct a different excuse every morning for being late. Her memories of Elmwood will include bird watching (!), history tests, "Oh God!", and "Up the Revolution!"

Next year, Agueda plans to study archaeology at university. Our best wishes follow her for a happy and successful future.





MARY WILSON

Although Mary attended Elmwood in Grade 5, she is the most recent addition to our happy flock in Grade 13, and we hope that the shock of a second immersion in Elmwood life was not too much for her. To the casual observer, Mary has more than recovered, and has taken part in every Elmwood function, including dancing, sports, intramurals, and dramatics. Recently she became a member of the Ontario Provincial Field Hockey Team - now she secretly dreams of the next Olympics! Mary can be found wherever the action is, usually behind the lens of a Nikon. She is appreciated for her generous contributions to the Common Room, including posters, a stereo, a cassette recorder, and frequent, much-needed tidy-ups!

Mary is uncertain about her plans for next year, but they will certainly involve sports - she has great aspirations for a camp for young people this summer. Thanks for everything, Mary, and keep in

touch!

ANGELIQUE WILLIKIE

The name "Angel" hardly seems appropriate at times for such a character, although it might have been, when she first arrived in Canada! The youngest member of the class, Angel formerly attended school under the British system of education in Jamaica. She has since made a distinctive mark on the class as a young rebel (especially at Ashbury) who is never afraid to speak her mind. An avid enthusiast of both modern dance and ballet, Angel attended every Elmwood-Ashbury Disco and contributed her talents to "The Cabaret". She will long be remembered for her role as "Tituba" in "The Crucible", being Vice-Head of Fry, her habit of wildly gesticulating during English Seminars, and for interjecting "bla bla bla" when at a loss for words.

For a long time Angel has planned to study languages at university, and next fall her dreams may come true. Best wishes!





DEBRA RODGERS

Dear Debbie,

Ever since you left us last December, we have been imagining what sort of escapades you are up to in London. We were sorry to see you go, but hope our farewell "bash" made leaving a little easier. We still remember your indignation at the mere thought of an upside-down British flag! Although your mind may have rejected some of these other memories, we will nevertheless remind you of them. For instance, who could forget the cruise in Grade 10, little green "Tinker Bell", and the summer spent at Dele's (along with the Tight Black Pants) . . . not to mention that book "How to Overcome Anger and Frustration" lent to you in Grade 12 by Mrs. Whitwill! Your numerous boy friends and the panic over the Formal will doubtless be remembered by all. Even though the class may scatter worldwide, please keep those letters coming to us who remember you so well.

Love, Grade 13



GRADE 13



Studying Physics from all the angles. Suddenly it all comes clear... (or does it?)

This certainly makes you feel light-headed!



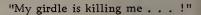




Sometimes they do find time to study.



The tranquility of the morning after.





FORM MOTES

GRADE 12



Susan Anderson



Kim Aston



Elizabeth Camp



Nadine Cvetanovic



Lynne Houwing



Debby Jamieson



Debbie Lee



Sarah Murray



Lynn Parker



Felicity Smith



Sandra Ulch

L.C.

L.H.

S. U.

D.L.

Absent: Veronica Garcia, Celine Ng, Susannah Power.

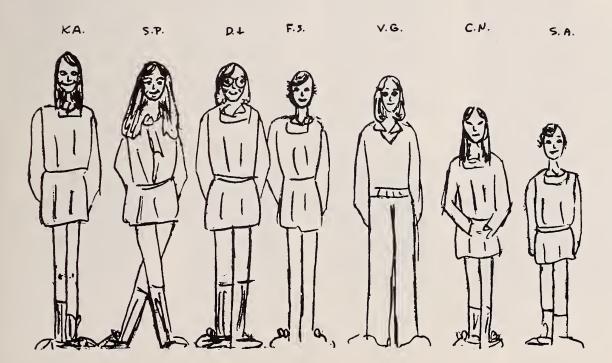
L.P.

S.m.

N.C.







GRADE ELEVEN



Kathy Fraser



Michelle Hall



Pam Houwing



Christine Humphreys



Eugenia Kanellakos



Heather Kelly



Julie La Traverse



Sarah Martin



Elizabeth McDougall



Jill Reid



Susan Steele



Beth Swift



Caroline Thamer



Candy Warren



Elizabeth Watson



Sandy Zagerman



Stars in her eyes . . .



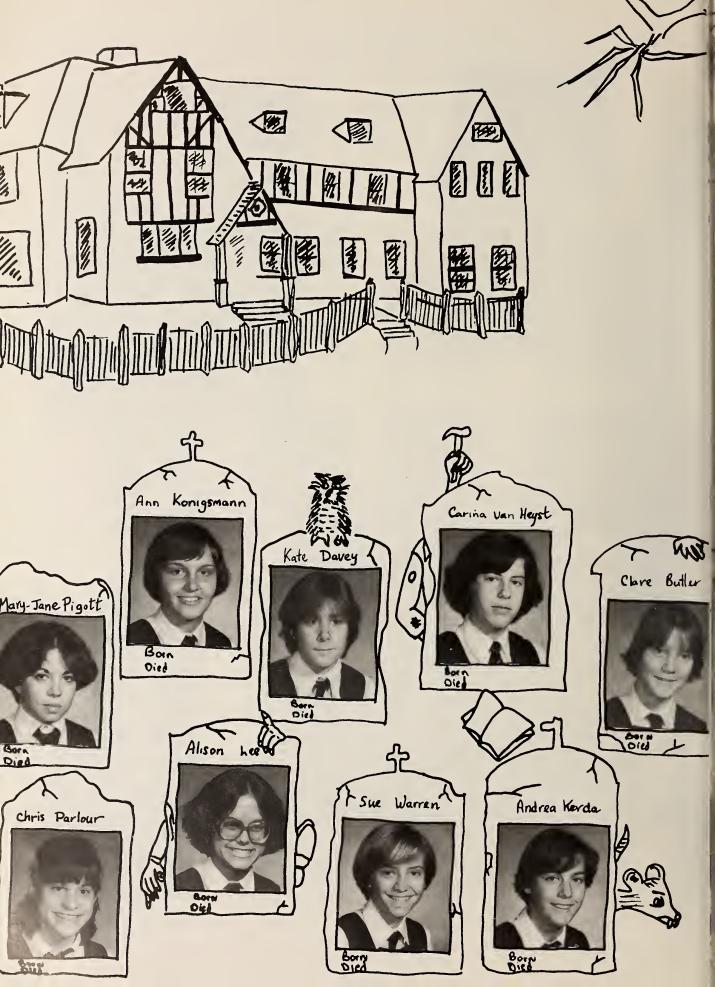
Togetherness.

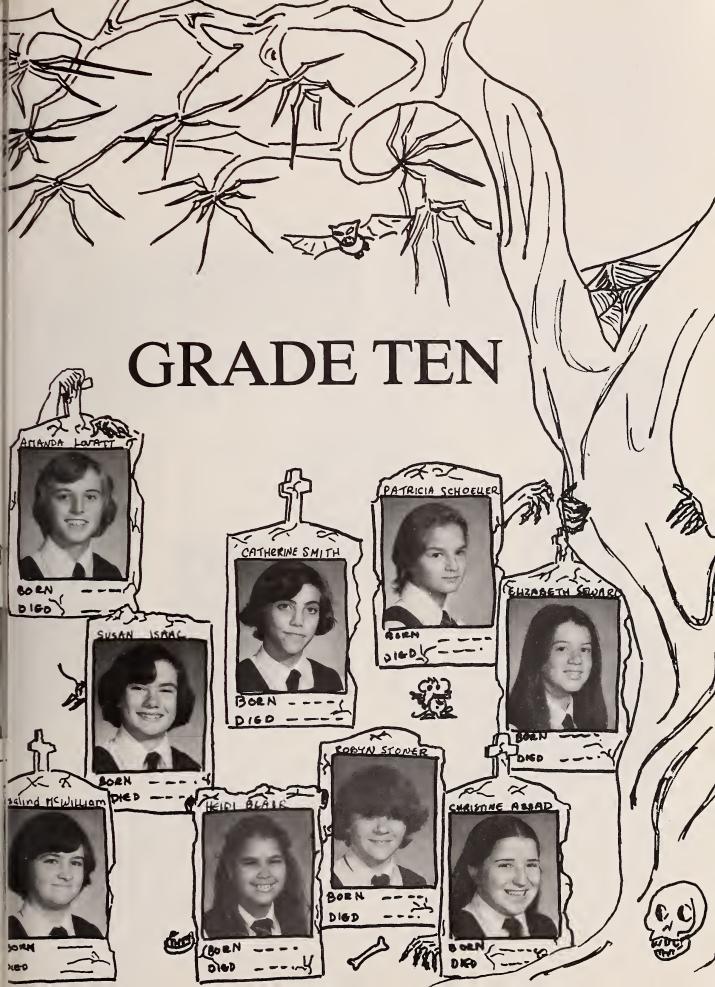


Is it edible?

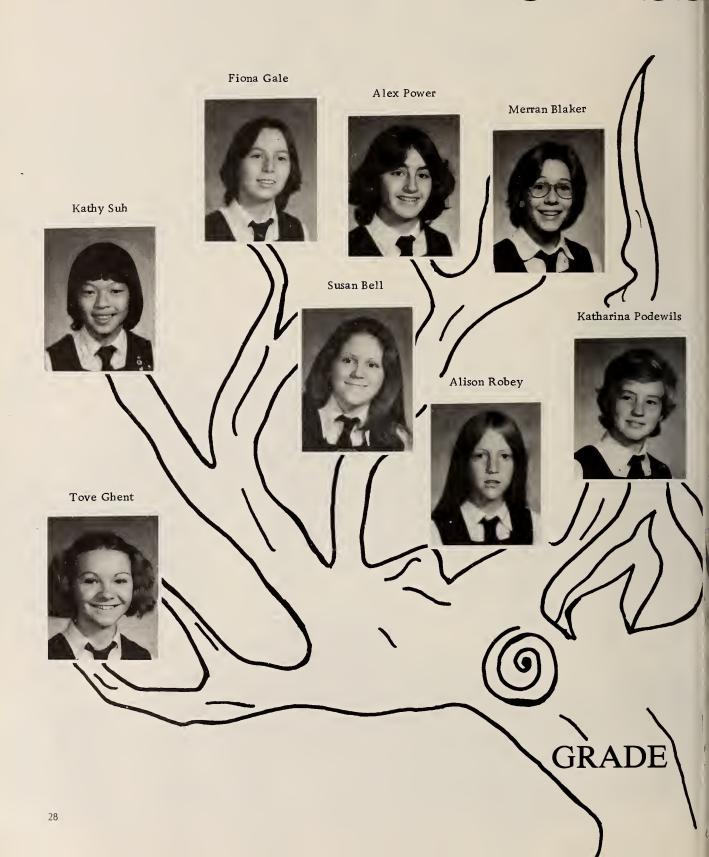


Enthusiasm plus!





CLASS



TREE



GRADE 8-C



Jillian Baker



Tory Benitz



Andrea Cardinal



Jennifer Chenev

Most of us arrived on the pier at about 10:00 sharp. We made a strange sight as we lounged on our towels in bikinies decorated with red polka dots, palm trees and terriers.

"Mrs. Chance isn't here yet!" exclaimed Mary and Jenny. Everyone swirled around and watched as Mrs. Chance sauntered down the pier. She swung her 'Nancy' bag over her shoulder and pulled her sunglasses out of her hair. Behind her followed Vinca who had lost her bikini bottoms and was wearing Elmwood bloomers. Patricia started talking nervously about her swimming as the motor boat approached.

We all gathered our bottles of suntan lotion, our hairbrushes

and gossip magazines, and jumped into the boat.

We reached the south shore in about five minutes. Everyone was chatting and laughing excitedly, all but Jenny who had visions of Shaun Cassidy on her mind. When we got to the diving ridge some jumped in and others didn't.

Believe it or not, these are the reasons:

JILL BAKER didn't make it because a mermaid got envious of her hair and chopped off her head.

TORY BENITZ: Well, Tory heard about the tidal bore and thought someone was insulting her . . .

ANDREA CARDINAL: Poor Andrea thought we were leaving from dock, eh? But we left from dock B so she missed the boat.



Rosemary Clyde



Darva Farha



Diana Fromow

JENN CHENEY: The Russians finally caught up with her and turned her towards Siberia . . .

ROSEMARY CLYDE had to turn back because her glasses fogged up . . .

DARYA FARHA: Darya got off the boat because they wouldn't let her fly her Robert Redford pennant . . .

DIANA FROMOW got caught off by a 'Dancing Merman'.

EVA GOLDFIELD: Eva made it but got hungry on the way so she speared a fish with her nail.

VICKY MALLETT: Vicky never made it because she laughed herself into an acute appendectomy . . .

LYNDA NADOLNY: She didn't make it because she saw all the Ottawa guys standing on the shore . . . Her last words were, "I could make it, but I think I can only handle twelve . . . "

PAT PEZOULAS never even made it because her string bikini was such a success that she won the Universal Macramé Contest . . .

LISA SAWATSKY forgot how to swim - one more down!

JENNY SUTHERLAND was the last one to leave and the first one to arrive. She swam SO fast because Shaun Cassidy was waiting on the shore with open arms . . .

MARY WHITE: When she smiled the boat crew mistook her for a lighthouse and left her behind . . .

VINCA WILLIS didn't make it because she heard we were planning to visit the CAPITALS of the world, and she never did appreciate capitals!



Vinca Willis



Mary White



Jennifer Sutherland



Lisa Sawatzky



Eva Goldfield



Vicky Mallett



Lynda Nadolny



Patricia Pezoulas

GRADE



Stephanie Bosada "ROCKY"



Janieta Eyre
"FAY
DUNAWAY"



Martha Gall
"PAMELA
SUE MARTIN"



Elizabeth Gatti
"MONICA
STRASSMAN"



Sylvie Joly
"BILLIE
CRYSTAL"



Brenda Kimmel "HORSHACK"



Jenny Leslie
"JOYCE
DEWITT"



Caroline Martin
"K.C."

EIGHT-M



Carol Nesbitt
DR. JEKYL AND
MR. HYDE



Anne Tessier
"KEVIN TIGHE"



Joanna Pocock
"NADIA
COMANECI"



Danielle Thompson

'FROM ON

OUR OWN''



Dorothy Schenker
"FRED BARRY
(RERUN)"



Susan Wurtele "SCOTT BAIL"



Elizabeth Sellers

'KAREN
VALENTINE'



Betsy Eldon
LYNNY GREEN
FROM
"ON OUR OWN"

GRADE 7-0 THE HOLY ONES



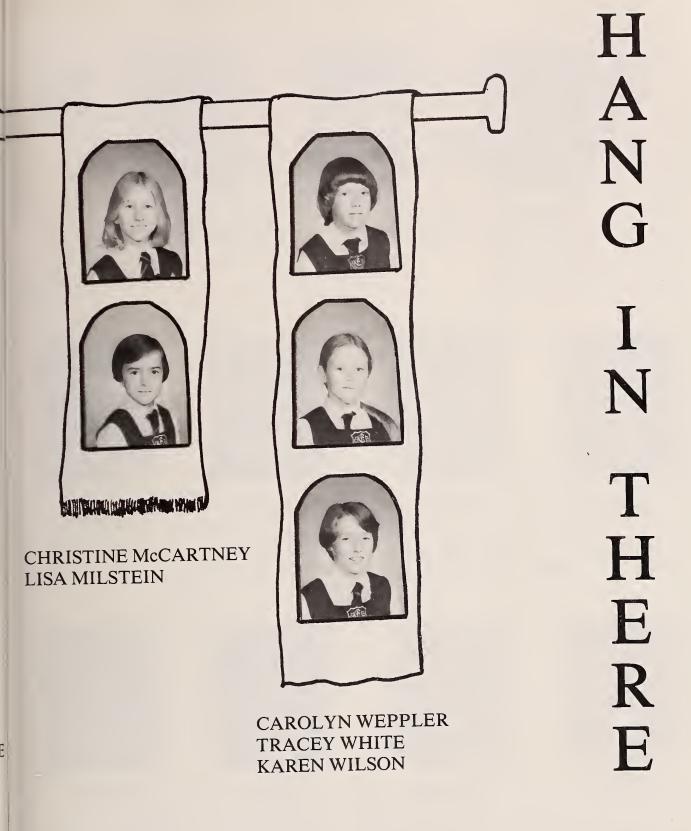
- 1. Lucy Adams
- 2. Gill Benitz
- 3. Linda Booker
- 4. Kathryn Dick
- 5. Christine Eggarhos
- 6. Paula Gilbert
- 7. Marion Jones
- 8. Lisa Kelly
- 9. Janique Lachance
- 10. Lísa Mierins
- 11. Michiko Nakayama (Absent)
- 12. Sheila Reid
- 13. Anne Rogers
- 14. Susan Roston
- 15. Vanessa Thomas
- 16. Form Mistress Mrs. O'Brien





ANDREA ARRON MAUREEN ASSALY GEMMA DEVINE

CHRISTINE KELLY
JASMINE LACHANCE
JANE LAWSON



7 S



GRADE SIX



MRS. McRAE'S ANGELS



ROSHENE ANDREW

Really with it, man!



JENNIFER CHORLTON

Hey man, what's happening?



LORRAINE EDMONDS

Old southern belle talk.



RUBY EGGARHOS

"I've gone wacko!"



MICHELE FRIEND

Up to date on the horse world.



CAROLINE GARWOOD

Smiley.



DENISE HEALY

Giggley
Favourite Expression: Hey!



KAREN LOOYE

Funny but quiet.



MARCUS
Silly and funny.

GLYNIS



ALTHEA MACDONALD

Fun to be with and always smiling.



LAURA McINTOSH

Funny, silly, energetic and mischievous.



MAUREEN MURPHY

Always sensible.



LISA POWELL

A real laugh and good company.



NIQUETTE RUDDOCK

Up-to-date with her English accent.



MINDI SCHOELLER

A good person.



SUSANNAH STEERS

"Hey, Lucy, let's go!"



LUCY WHITE

"Honestly!"



KATHERINE YOUNG

"Acheemawalla!"



FILIPPA HAMMARSTROM

An okay kid!

GRADES FOUR AND FIVE



Leilani Farha



Lisa Hopkýns



Karleen Lovell



Annabelle Mandy



Nicola Maule



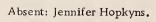
Tanya North



Margaret Purdie



Cynthia Rhodes





Julie Anne Rickerd

A TRIP TO THE BEACH

LEILANI comes in very jumpy.

Why? Because there are bees in her bathing suit.

JENNIFER comes with a big picnic.
Why? Because one lunch never was enough for her.

LISA comes wearing a duffle coat, boots and mittens.

Why? Because her bathing suit is too drafty.

KARLEEN comes riding her bike.
Why? Because she missed the bus.

ANNABELLE comes wearing three hats, one on top of the other. Why? Because the two bottom ones had holes in them.

NICOLA comes doing her homework.

Why? Because she forgot to do it at home.

TANYA comes for a quick visit.

Why? Because she'd rather be in England.

MARGARET comes with an ironing board and a housecoat.

Why? Because her surf board cracked and she lost her bathing suit.

CINDY comes riding a horse backwards. Why? Because she got up late.

JULIE ANNE comes with her uniform on.

Why? Because she learned there were schools in the water.



JUNIOR SCHOOL ELECTIVES

A new program was begun this year for Wednesday afternoons in the Junior School. Stu dents participated in different activities and were able to learn certain skills. All of the electives taught involved areas of life which are generally ignored by the academic curriculum, but from which, nonetheless, useful practical knowledge is gained. Some of the electives concentrated on developing particular talents or different aspects of the girls' characters, while others embarked on entirely new concepts.

Shown below, clockwise from top left, are baton-twirling, gymnastics, child care, and quilt-making.









Other electives taught included:

Track
Puppets
Orienteering
Cooking
Games
Make-up

Stage and Costume Design Modern Jazz Creative Movement String Sculpture St. John's Ambulance

HOUSES HORS

FRY HOUSE



Rows across from top to bottom: Patricia Montero, Michelle Hall, Rosalind Mc-William, Susannah Warren, Christine Humphreys, Eugenia Kanellakos, Carla Peppler, Tove Ghent, Kate Davey, Sue Bell, Caroline Thamer, Heidi Blair, Patricia Schoeller, Shannon Jaeger, Olga Kanellakos, Kathy Suh, Fiona Gale, Roshene Andrew, Maureen Assaly, Christine Eggarhos, Danielle Thompson, Jennifer Leslie, Jennifer Sutherland, Mary White, Junior House Head; Martha Gall, Andrea Cardinal, Junior Sports Captain; Felicity Smith, Karen Molson, Jenni Johnston, Sue Power, Linda Booker, Tory Benitz, Marion Jones, Liz Camp, Senior Sports Captain; Vanessa Thomas, Heather Mac-Phee, House Head; Dorothy Schenker, Gillian Benitz, Lynn Parker, Susan Anderson, Belle Hunui, Tracey White, Althea MacDonald, Denise Healy, Jillian Baker, Sheila Reid, Lorraine Edmonds, Chris Kelly, Ruby Eggarhos, Donata Schoeller, Lisa Hopkyns, Leilani Farha, Cynthia Rhodes, Jennifer Hopkyns. Absent: Liz Sellers, Agueda Takacs, Angelique Willkie, Vice-Head; Kim Aston, Carol Nesbitt.

Dear Fry,

It is hard to believe that the year is almost over, and that my role as House Head is coming to an end. I am glad to say that we have accomplished more than we had expected to this year - House spirit and a good relationship between all Fry members.

Naturally, we have had an excellent turnout at all school activities with our victories equalling the turnout. Just to list a few of our many triumphs: Senior tennis, junior tennis, senior floor hockey, junior floor hockey, junior basketball, junior volleyball, Spirit Week tug-of-war, Spirit Week relay races, international karate championships, national swimming, and not to mention the World Ski Cup.

My thanks to Angelique Willkie, my Vice-Head, who gave me the support when I needed it. Liz Camp, our Senior Sports Captain, did an excellent job of organizing all senior sports events and of keeping our spirit together. In the Junior School, Mary White and Andrea Cardinal duplicated the efforts of Liz and myself.

In closing, I would like to wish Fry and next year's House Head a thousand and one more successes. Salut et bonne chance l'année prochaine.

Heather

KELLER HOUSE



Fourth Row, Left to Right: Nadine Cvetanovic, Ann Tessier, Eva Goldfield, Julie La Traverse, Senior Sports Captain; Alison Lee, Debby Jamieson, Amanda Lovatt, Raine Phythian, Chris Parlour, Pam Houwing, Sandy Zagerman. Third Row: Heather Kelly, Sandra Ulch, Susan Wurtele, Junior House Head; Rosemary Clyde, Lynda Nadolny, Stephanie Bosada, Betsy Eldon, Junior Sports Captain; Claudia Fuerst, Merran Blaker, Candy Warren, Carina van Heyst, Lucy Adams, Andrea Arron. Second Row: Vinca Willis, Karleen Lovell, Jill Reid, Juliana Farha, Anne Rogers, Janique Lachance, Lisa Mierins, Mary Wilson, Debora Seropian, Robyn Stoner, Janieta Eyre, Janet Ingram, Jennifer Chorlton, Sylvie Joly. Front Row: Susannah Steers, Joanna Pocock, Lisa Kelly, Lisa Milstein, Niquette Ruddock, Nicola Maule, Rosemary Nesbitt, House Head; Pauline Blair, Vice-Head; Margaret Purdie, Michele Friend, Jane Lawson, Gemma Devine, Glynis Marcus.

Dear Kellerites,

The end of the year is here already and I can't believe the day has come when I must rack my brains to try to write this. It's so hard to sum everything up in a few lines; especially all the crazy things we've done, like our great pyramid picture where everyone was screaming in agony, and the days when my House meetings turned into "Hey, did you hear the latest Keller jokes?".

Well, it has been a fun year and we raised enough money for Sui Sang and even a little extra for our picnic. Thank you very much for all the support, and a special thanks to my sports' captains, Julie La Traverse and Betsy Eldon, who tried so hard to get Keller moving in the House games. Also, many thanks to Pauline Blair, my Vice-Head, who thought up the Keller cheer and who had the greatest spirit. Don't forget . . .

"Strawberry shortcake,
Huckleberry pie,
V.I.C.T.O.R.Y.
Are we in it?
Well I guess.
Keller, Keller,
Yes, Yes, Yes."

With love, Rosemary

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE



Sixth Row, Left to Right: Laura McIntosh, Charlotte Baril, Rowena MacLure, Vice-Head; Alix Parlour, House Head; Raine Phythian, Louise Robey, Vicky Mallett. Fifth Row: Beth Swift, Liz McDougall, Clare Butler, Elizabeth Seward, Susan Isaac, Alex Power, Liz Sellers, Junior Sports Captain; Alison Robey, Pat Pezoulas. Fourth Row: Sarah Murray, Debbie Lee, Catherine Smith, Elizabeth Watson, Katherina Podewils, Sarah Martin, Kathy Fraser, Lisa Sawatzky, Lynne Houwing, Senior Sports Captain. Third Row: Chris Assad, Brenda Kimmel, Darya Farha, Liz Gatti, Junior House Head; Carolann Swift, Gill Slader, Karen Wilson, Celine Ng, Carolyn Weppler. Second Row: Christine McCartney, Filippa Hammarstrom, Susan Roston, Paula Gilbert, Lisa Powell, Lucy White, Michiko Nakayama, Kathryn Dick, Jasmine Lachance. Front Row: Caroline Garwood, Annabelle Mandy, Katherine Young, Maureen Murphy. Absent: Alison Hayes, Mary Jane Pigott, Sylvie Tanguay, Caroline Martin, Jennifer Cheney, Lisa Hopkyns, Julie Anne Rickerd.

Dear Nightingale,

Thank you for a super year. We may not be a very ostentatious house but give me quiet distinction every time. We entered all the intramural sports with great energy and determination, and even if we didn't win, Nightingale girls are well-know for their good sportsmanship.

We arranged Coventry Day and raised two hundred dollars for Sui Sang and house funds funds. It was a wonderful success and Charlotte and I hope this will be an annual event. Never have the halls of Elmwood been so silent. For Spirit Week, Nightingale's day was a roaring success. Our great Birthday Party and Treasure Hunt were well-received.

My special thanks go to Liz Gatti, Liz Sellers, Charlotte, Rowena, and Lynne Houwing for their tremendous support,

Alix

J U N I



Fourth Row, Left to Right: Susan Wurtele, Martha Gall, Linda Booker, Mrs. O'Brien, Marion Jones, Rosemary Clyde, Liz Sellers. Third Row: Vanessa Thomas, Christine McCartney, Caroline Martin, Gemma Devine, Ruby Eggarhos, Laura McIntosh. Second Row: Karen Wilson, Maureen Murphy, Niquette Ruddock, Sheila Reid. Front Row: Annabelle Mandy, Caroline Garwood, Margaret Purdie, Carol Nesbitt.

This year auditions were held for the Junior Choir at Elmwood. Those who were chosen worked diligently two nights a week. Their loyalty and hard work have been well rewarded by their excellent performances at Christmas and in the Cabaret. Singing twice a week in Prayers has been good training for the Choir, as well as being appreciated by the school. The Choir deserves special congratulations for being asked to sing at Closing. I am especially proud of this group of dedicated girls!

Jody O'Brien

SENIOR CHOIR



From Left to Right: Tove Ghent, Sandra Ulch, Nadine Cvetanovic, Sarah Murray, Pauline Blair, Alison Lee, Julie La Traverse, Liz Camp, Debbie Lee, Alex Power. Absent: Kathy Suh.

This year the Senior Choir learned a lot of music and had a lot of fun. We consisted of twelve voices, the main body of which came from Grade 12. In addition to leading the hymns in prayers on Mondays and Thursdays, we did a number of anthems for Elmwood and sang as a guest choir at two Ashbury Chapel Services. Remember tramping over to Ashbury in the dead of winter and singing at the tops of our voices. Our main performance of the year came when the Choir was featured in the Cabaret, for which we sang a medley of Broadway hits. My only hope is that everyone has learned a bit more about vocal music and that they will continue to improve the Choir. I'd like to thank Alix for all her help throughout the year, and "thanks for the me-mo-ries!"

> With love, Pauline

JUNIOR DRAMA



BACK ROW, Left to Right: Vanessa Thomas, Betsy Eldon, Jane Lawson, Liz Sellers, Susan Wurtele, Jennifer Leslie, Christine Eggarhos, Patricia Pezoulas, Darya Farha, Mrs. Scott, Dorothy Schenker, Tory Benitz, Andrea Cardinal, Liz Gatti, Mary White, Lucy Adams, Vinca Willis, Susan Roston. FRONT ROW: Christine McCartney, Kathryn Dick, Anne Rogers, Lisa Kelly, Gill Benitz, Carolyn Weppler, Marion Jones, Jillian Baker, Paula Gilbert, Sheila Reid, Janique Lachance, Jasmine Lachance, Chris Kelly, Linda Booker, Lisa Mierins, Karen Wilson.

Junior Drama this year consisted of a large group of girls from Grades Seven and Eight. They all worked extremely hard throughout the year to produce three extracts from Shakespeare. Performances from:

'The Merchant of Venice'

'Hamlet'

'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

were shown to parents on May 24, 1978. The night was a great success, and directors, actors, and stage crew alike deserve congratulations for putting on such a fine show. A special thanks should be extended to Mrs. Scott for all the time and effort she put into training the group.

CMMITTES.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL



Back Row, Left to Right: Lynne Houwing, Karen Molson, Secretary; Liz Sellers, Beth Swift, Debbie Lee, Jenni Johnston, Chairperson; Sarah Murray, Amanda Lovatt, Felicity Smith, Alex Power, Nadine Cvetanovic. Front Row: Kathryn Dick, Anne Rogers, Jennifer Chorlton, Heather Kelly, Liz Camp, Fiona Gale, Jasmine Lachance, Christine McCartney, Janieta Eyre. Absent: Sue Power, Treasurer; Chris Parlour.

Dear Elmwood,

In 1977-78 the Students' Council has seen many changes for the better. For the first time in this organization's history, a bank account that handles all the money which is made by committees in the school, has been opened in the name of the Students' Council. Another successful amendment to the constitution has been the division of the Council into separate Junior and Senior School meetings every third week, in order to enable representatives to voice concerns which do not directly apply to the entire school.

Copies of each meeting's minutes are posted on the bulletin board in the front hall every week. These minutes provide a record of the achievements of the Students' Council, which include the provision of ideas for Spirit Week, the acquisition of a skating rink on the grounds, and the installation of a light bulb in the locker room so that Felicity and Sue wouldn't have to use flashlights!

Ideas for the improvement of next year's Students' Council are always appreciated. Thank you for your support.

Karen Molson (Secretary) Jenni Johnston (Chairperson)

SUI SANG COMMITTEE

This year has been a successful one for Sui Sang and it has been enjoyed by all members. We organized many activities to earn money for our foster children, such as penny contests, chip sales, and many bake sales. From Coventry Day in October, Alix gave us two hundered dollars which helped us greatly.

One of our foster children, Gabriel Garcia, turned eighteen during the year and he is now on his own making a career to help support his family. Our new child is called Warsman and he lives in Indonesia.

I would like to thank all the members of Sui Sang who gave up much of their time in aid of this project. A special thanks should be extended to Sue Power and the Dance Committee who assisted us with the drinks for the dances.

We all wish next year's committee good luck!

Debby Lynn Sandra Susan Sue



Standing, Left to Right: Susan Anderson, Sue Steele, Lynn Parker, Sandra Ulch. Sitting: Debby Jamieson.



POUND COMMITTEE

This year was no different from others for the Pound Committee. Wayward bloomers, socks, blazers, and other unmentionables were found and ransomed back to their original owners. Unfortunately the first few weeks of Pound were a moving experience as the pound closet was relocated from its original location, to the Senior locker room, to the Junior locker room, and finally to a closet under the Junior stairs! This year we hope to donate all the money we have collected to the Samara Committee.

> Chris Clare Robyn

Robyn Stoner, Chris Parlour, Clare Butler.

BELL RINGER

Alison Robey

The Bell Ringer has become a tradition at Elmwood and it is part of what makes the school unique. The job requires a person who is responsible, reliable, and who has a watch that runs on time! But most importantly, she must be able to resist bribes (I'll do anything if you'll only PLEASE ring the bell early in Science). Yet to the utter dismay of many girls, during the first weeks of school Alison was sometimes known to miss the lab altogether. It wasn't long though before she knew the schedule to perfection. Will those ears ever stop ringing now, Alison?



LIBRARY COMMITTEE



Alison Lee, Julie La Traverse, Kathy Fraser

Although we did not make any drastic changes this year, the committee does hope the girls will notice the new series of books and the library's constant tidiness. For most seniors the Library has been the "rendez -vous" for socializing. But in the future we hope you will try to recognize it as an area with great potential as a LIBRARY. I sincerely thank Mrs. Tilson for taking a special interest in the Library and Mrs. Green for her cooperation.

Julie

DANCE COMMITTEE

Dear Elmwood,

The Dance Committee has had quite a promising year and for the first time we worked separately from Ashbury's Dance Committee. We had one dance every term. The first and last terms groups called Carisma and Passion played at Elmwood. The middle term featured a disco which was quite profitable. We organized many money-raising activities such as chip sales, bake sales, drink sales, and carnation selling at the Valentines plus 4 dance, all of which were well supported by the school.

We would like to thank Mrs. Whitwill for her tolerance of our indecisiveness and our shaky budget. The Dance Committee would also like to thank Lynn Parker and the rest of Sui Sang for helping with refreshments at the dances. Many thanks go to Grade 12 for the fantastic support they gave us whenever we yelled "Help!". We're most grateful.

We've tried to make the dances more entertaining and we hope we have succeeded. Lots of luck to next year's committee. Treat'em good Elmwood!!

Sue

Nadine Kim Sandy Sarah



From Left to Right: Sandy Zagerman, Sue Power, Sarah Martin, Nadine Cvetanovic. Absent: Kim Aston.

SAMARA COMMITTEE



From Left to Right: Chris Humphreys, Art Layout; Lynne Houwing, Advertising Editor; Beth Swift, Candy Warren, Literature Layout; Michelle Hall, Liz Camp, Co-Editor; Felicity Smith, Co-Editor.

Dear Elmwood.

Producing this yearbook has been quite an ex perience; however, we hope that you find the results as satisfying as we ourselves do.

We would like to thank Candy and Michelle for their help with the layout of the Literature sections, and Chris for the assistance with artwork, in particular the Division pages. Beth Swift was also helpful, especially with photography. The Junior School representatives were efficient in providing their class form notes on time, which was gratefully appreciated. Lynne Houwing, with the assistance of Mary Jane Pigott, worked extremely hard this year on advertising. She was able to obtain advertisements and patron donations totalling approximately two thousand dollars.

A special thanks must be extended to Mrs. Davies who gave us the guidance and encouragement we needed.

Felicity and Liz



REACH FOR THE TOP



THE TEAM
ALIX PARLOUR
FELICITY SMITH
SUSANNAH POWER
CHRISTINE PARLOUR



SRARTILIT.

MY FIRST TERM AT ELMWOOD

The first day that I saw Elmwood School, Well . . . I was feeling like a fool. All alone, without a friend, It seemed that this would be the end. But textbooks having been received, Some relaxation could be perceived. In the old girls there certainly was more But I too was interested when we went to the second floor. After the classroom had been seen, We left until September 15. And now it's November and soccer has gone, And the time 'till Christmas isn't too long! Between then and now so much has been done. We went to the War Museum which was lots of fun. We scrambled, we struggled and climbed on a tank, And Mrs. Whitwill we really must thank, She's never said anything about the volleyball game . But since M.J. 's serve she's never been quite the same! Biking to Ashbury is a nice waste of time, And I'm sure we've all paid pound at least one dime! History, Latin, BMA, French... And in the park Andy (Andrea) jumped over a bench. English, Geography, German and Science . . . To the cold wind we all shout defiance. What's coming soon? A test and, oh yes, an exam!
The teachers have warned us, "Come now, don't cram!"
And do we listen? Some "no" and some "yes"
Another thing gone is quite a few dances,
And laughs at Susan's Harlequin Romances. This almost the end of 1977 And it's been something quite close to heaven. I've run out of paper, I've run out of time, And in case you hadn't noticed I've run out of rhyme Well, this is it, it's almost the end And now I hope I have more than one friend. Well . . . now I really like Elmwood School, And now everyone knows that I am a Fool!!!

Carina Van Heyst

BOREDOM

Sitting quietly in a room full of nothing. Every detail of the room rolls before your mind and you remember the crack in the paint above the door and the six grooves in the wooden floor on the left hand side of your bed. You shudder to think about all the adventures taken place in the room. Friendships, illness and parties. The last party was an unexpected wild one when John fell out of the window. Georgina was sick and Cathy broke two chairs. Two weeks have whizzed by since the party and now you are sitting with nothing to do. Your bottom is lethargic out the rest of your body is hungry for activity but there is none. I guess that is what you call lazing on a Sunday afternoon.

Fiona Gale





FRIENDSHIP

Friendship should be something that is found and kept, never bought or stolen. Friendship is something special, good friends are hard to come by. If you find a good friend, KEEP THEM.

Friendship never ends, no matter what the time. Friends are there in time

of joy and

sorrow.

Friends understand in their own way. So explain; friends may be able to help. Never be

ashamed of

FRIENDSHIP.

M.W.



Standard ideas along standard lines; No differences, no individualism, no ambition A stereotyped future and a stereotyped past. No hopes, no fears, no love. People everywhere with the same expressions And even inside they're the same. Countries have started to merge Eternal jeans and sneakers. Airports are no different -Endless rows of seats With endless rows of people All with the same expressions. What would the world do If someone was different If someone laughed in the streets? What would it do if we all were different If you were you And I was me?

Susan Isaac

The once peaceful and sleeping sun now stirs, like a deadly giant awakening from a deep slumber. It begins to rise, belching forth hatred and vengeance upon the earth, killing, as a creature obsessed with the lust to destroy.

"Brent Keaton - a Missouri university graduate - incinerated while walking down main street.

Kristie Lane - Social Worker - incinerated in Texas while teaching.

James Williams - Civil Servant - incinerated in San Francisco while crossing the parking lot to his car.

As well as these reported incidents, many buildings and trees have also been burned. Police say that these "fires" are caused by an accomplished arsonist or by the use of a powerful laser.

This is Tom Dean - WWNY T.V. NEWS - Goodnight."

David Fisher, a twenty-seven-year-old journalist, stepped quietly into the elevator. He was tall, with blond hair and a tanned face. His grey eyes were sharp and piercing, and as the elevator screeched to a stop on the top floor he stepped out. He was carrying a tape recorder, a heavy black bag and three different cameras. His walk was slow and deliberate as he made his way down the hall.

At the end of the hall was a dark, beaten door into which he placed a small key. The door creaked open and revealed a

small, dingy one-room apartment with a bed, a stove, a refrigerator and a television. David removed his gear and jacket and settled himself on his bed to watch the news.

'cinerated today in Los Angeles.

Doctor Fritzburger told reporters today, that he feels the unrestricted use of spray cans has weakened the ozone layer which protects us from direct radiation.

Popular opinion seems to be that the Russians are experimenting with a new type of laser.

All people are being temporarily warned to stay off the streets until the problem has been settled between our great American Nation and the U.S.S.R.

This is Tom Dean WWN . . . wait one moment - we have a news update from our Russian news correspondent: apparently Russia is also experiencing similar occurences and . . . it seems so are a number of countries - could Doctor Fritzburger be right?

More news tomorrow at 7:00, this is Tom Dean WWNY T.V. news - Goodnight."

David sighed deeply and rose to turn off the television. He secretly hoped Doctor Fritzburger was wrong, but he knew the Doctor was right. He tripped over his camera and swore quietly as he found his way to the television set and collapsed, exhausted, onto his bed.

He rose at 4:30 to the terrified screams of an hysterical woman. He hurried to the window and saw a middle-aged woman. Her eyes were large and frightened as they searched for a source of help. She threw her hands wide, gesticulating wildly and motioning toward a scorched and blackened patch of concrete beside her. One of her arms had no hand - just a charred and bleeding mass. At her feet were the twisted remains of the handle of a baby stroller.

He dressed quickly and ran down the stairs - his face pale and drawn. He slipped past the woman and started running down the road, gradually gaining speed until he was sprinting desperately - trying to run from something, but from what? His breath was coming in laboured gasps as he fought back the surging wave of panic that threatened to engulf him.

He broke into a loping gait as the building behind him exploded with shattering intensity, sending hundreds of people surging from the surrounding area, wailing in terror.

Screams of agony rent the air as the torturing fingers of the sun struck down at the fleeing crowd.

David, weak from exhaustion, collapsed in an inanimate heap and tried desperately to regain control of his rising panic. The crowd, ever increasing in size, was now far behind David and he rose with new confidence. A wave of strength and determination washed over his body - they would die, the fools, but he would live - only he would survive.

Suddenly he stopped - would his original plan work? Could he survive under the ground? His eyes searched the ground

frantically and he started running until he reached it - a sewer cover.

He heaved at the lid desperately until he jolted it up and then he slid it across. Everything was quiet. He gazed around at the deserted streets. The wind scattered leaves and papers across the road gently.

Suddenly, a building on his left exploded fiercely. He jumped with the noise and nearness of the blast and slithered down the tunnel. He grasped wildly - for anything! His hand caught the rung of an old iron ladder as the pungent liquid washed around his legs. The stench filled his nostrils and he retched violently.

He clung to the step until, finally, he mustered enough strength to clamber out of the tunnel. He breathed the fresh air

deeply and limped away, occasionally turning back and glowering in frustration.

For the whole day he fought his way along with death and destruction all around him. At last, driven by hunger and exhaustion, he was forced to rest. He searched for food until he came upon a small, dirty, corner store. He kicked in the window and grabbed 2 loaves of bread and a bottle of orange juice from the shelf.

It was dark now, only the light from the moon gently illuminating the ruins of Los Angeles - a once busy and noisy city. At night, there was no danger of being incinerated by the sun. If he could find refuge for the day, he could live by night. For days he wandered aimlessly through the streets, occasionally meeting a haggard refugee seeking shelter, as he was. In the daylight, he slept in the cold and dusty basements of large factories, and at night he prowled the streets eating any

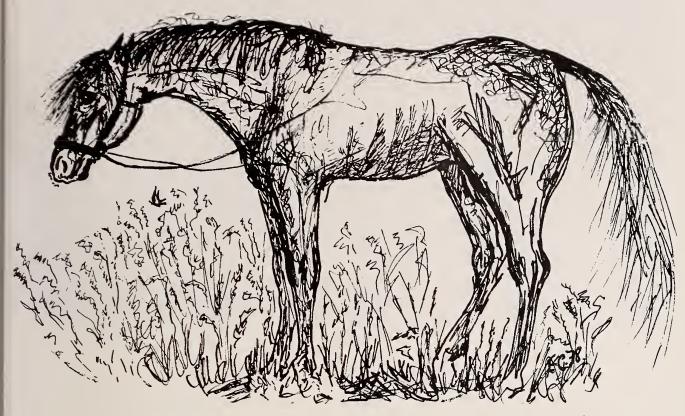
For two months he existed on a meagre diet of rotting flesh and plants. His clothes were ripped and ragged, his hair was dark and unruly, a thick beard enshrouded his face and his once piercing grey eyes now glowed unseeingly into the dark of

the night.

Suddenly he spotted a crouched figure. It was that of a man, and it had food. David edged forward, his muscles tensed and his mind alert. For the first time, his eyes grew cold and forbidding and he released a low, gutteral growing noise. The figure spun around. It was a small, frail boy of fourteen or fifteen. He clenched his fists and stood, defiantly, before his meal. The odds were highly against the boy and the fight would not be fair, but by now, all reasoning was gone.

David stepped forward and growled again. It was not a human sound. He was not a human, he was an animal.

The boy shrank away from the menacing figure and suddenly, overwhelmed by fear, the boy fled, weeping hysterically. David quickly dropped to the ground and began feverishly devouring the body of a young girl. His joy at having food stopped him from being as cautious as ne usually was. He did not hear the soit footiall of the young boy behind him. Not did he hear the grunt as the boy heaved a heavy wooden plank above his head and let it fall.



GOOD-BYE

I never knew where you went Keady I never saw you again Keady You've never been back again Keady YOU've left us all alone

Sometimes we're silent, thinking of you Keady
I know the others feel as I do
Keady
I wish I knew how you were
Keady
I wish that you were home

I saw you today
Keady
Head hanging low
Keady
All that's left skin and bones
Keady
What's happened to you?

I remember when you used to race Keady

We'd stand there and yell for Keady We'd bet what we could and if we lost Keady We didn't mind, we loved you.

Yet racing became too much
Keady
You hurt your leg badly
Keady
The other owner said he'd take care of
Keady
But now I know he didn't.

He still tried to race you
Keady
He wanted more and more money from
Keady
He ran you into the ground
Keady
And now . . . it's time to go
I have to go and leave now
Before I start to cry
So when you go to the dogmeat factory
Remember I've said good-bye.

THE SUNSET

The sun is sinking lower, colouring the sky.

Its beauty is ephemeral and it catches every eye.

It will not stay for long, yes, soon it will expire,

But now it colors all the lands as a great big ball of fire.

It slips below the trees and now its left our earth,

But soon, tomorrow morning, it will have a grand rebirth.

The skies are clothed in purple and settling down for the night

And waiting for tomorrow and the sun, once more, and her

light.

Carina Van Heyst

PROBLEMS OF SUMMER

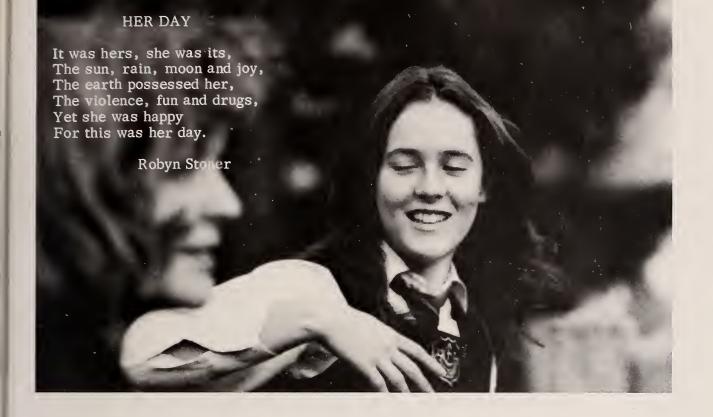
Problems of summer
Come in vast quantities,
with decisions to be made
Do you want to go camping, fishing,
boating, swimming . . . ?

None, you say!
Then off to camp with you my precious one,
Where all little boys and girls sing
and frolic in the sand.

They splash in the water, yell and shout.
Until their bodies are brown from the sun
For the long day has put them to bed.
When it's all over, they say good-bye.
Be on their way until another summer
of decisions be on their way.

M. W.





BOTE STATE

AUNT CLARICE'S BONNET

Last month I went with Great Aunt Clarice,
To buy a hat with her in Paris
And girls she bought a gorgeous bonnet
All lovely flowers and what-nots on it
The shop girl said it was quite unique
One of its kind, made by a Greek.
My dear aunt was ever so happy,
She likes it so much, she called it flappy.
And one day, Oh what a bother!
In a shop window, she saw the hat's brother,
She was surprised and full of dismay,
So much so, she threw her's away.
But alack, alas, here is the jest
Her eyes need perfection
She had seen her reflection.

Angelique Wilkie

A VIEW OF THE TAI

So many people go to India, year after year. Most tourists go and see the Taj Mahal and yet when my parents and I lived in India we knew many friends who hadn't visited the Taj. This was probably due to the fact that they thought the Taj was becoming too much of a tourist attraction and too familiar. However, my parents and I went to Agra to see it. The Taj Mahal is so well known that people expect, when visiting, to be overwhelmed by it (and they usually are!).

The gloomy outer red walls tell you nothing of what lies within. However as you enter the front gate you get the most fantastic view of the Taj. The long pools with trees on either side lead up to the Taj, and there it stands, the marble tomb with four minarets at each corner. I have often heard that the best time to visit the Taj is by moonlight because it is so white and thus reflects the light of the moon. We, nevertheless, visited it during the day.

It was just as impressing!

The Taj's design is typically Mughal and it is constructed of purest marble, inlaid with semi-precious stones and coloured glass. It was built by Shah Jahan in the sixteenth century as a tomb for his wife. The gardens, which he also designed, around the Taj are beautiful. He intended to construct another tomb for himself. The gardens outside are

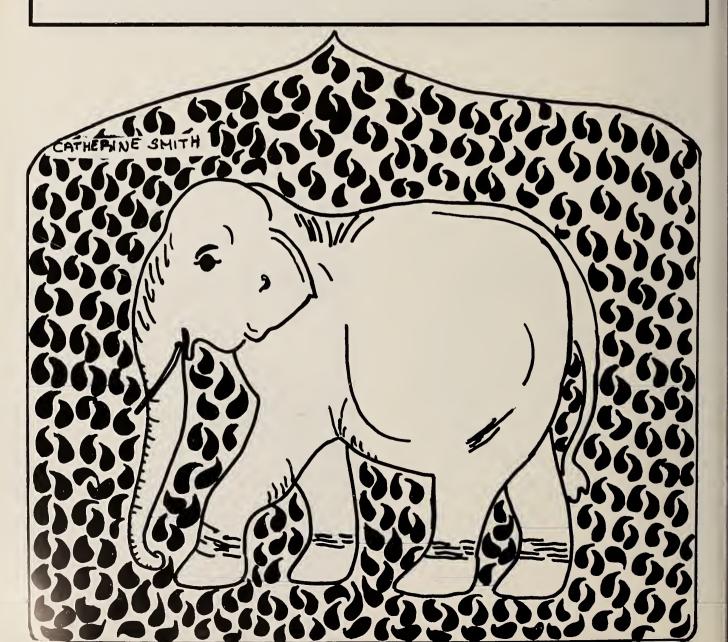
also fascinatingly attractive.

Before entering the Taj, foreigners, or those not wanting to take off their shoes, must wear a sort of canvas bag or covering over their shoes. This is to protect the floors and, out of respect, to honour the Moslem religion. We shuffled through the large cool rooms. The Taj looks over a large river and the lattice worked windows let in the breeze. Many of the semi-precious stones have been picked out of the walls by thieves, so now a few guards are posted around the magnificent building.

Although there is not much to see in the Taj Mahal itself, its beauty is uniquely striking. As you leave the outer gate there are hawkers all over the place clambering towards you in the vain hope of selling you a couple of peacoack feathers, bangles, miniature Taj Mahals or other trinkets.

- 1 can indeed say that visiting the Taj was one of the highlights of my stay in India.

Catherine Smith





La rivière
Lumineux, vif
Comme le plus exquis de sois
Glissant muetment par-dessus les rochers
Comme le plus désiré de champagne
Etiniellement, rirant,
Tombant en cascade
Entre les étangs, clair, vert, en repos
Comme le plus unique de cristal.

Nadine Cvetanovic

FOR PLEASURE

Notes, bars, rhythm, and keys
Put together your beautiful melody.
Trumpet, flute, french horn, and bass,
Trumpet, flute, french horn and bass;
You're a magnificent symphony.
And both together it's your pleasure!

Heidi Blair



Rage

The world shrunk greedily around her: watching, she raged against learned to hate and became trapped inside their tiny heads. She tried to kill herself then so they cut off her hands who reached ever for the blade, -- splinters shook her raging frame. She screamed and tore the iron bonds on writhing feet with her teeth died again, and again. They wet their barbed tongues to clean her, and gave her gifts to enlighten her look how generous we are they said. They put wires on her head. Finally reduced to one black stare, the deepest eye-pit of knowledge she crawled broken away and gave birth to another, as free as she had been: She started, cried and vainly tried to warm Her -- the world will shrink greedily around you she said -- then she looked up and blinked, the deepest blackest eye-pit of knowledge and she raged.

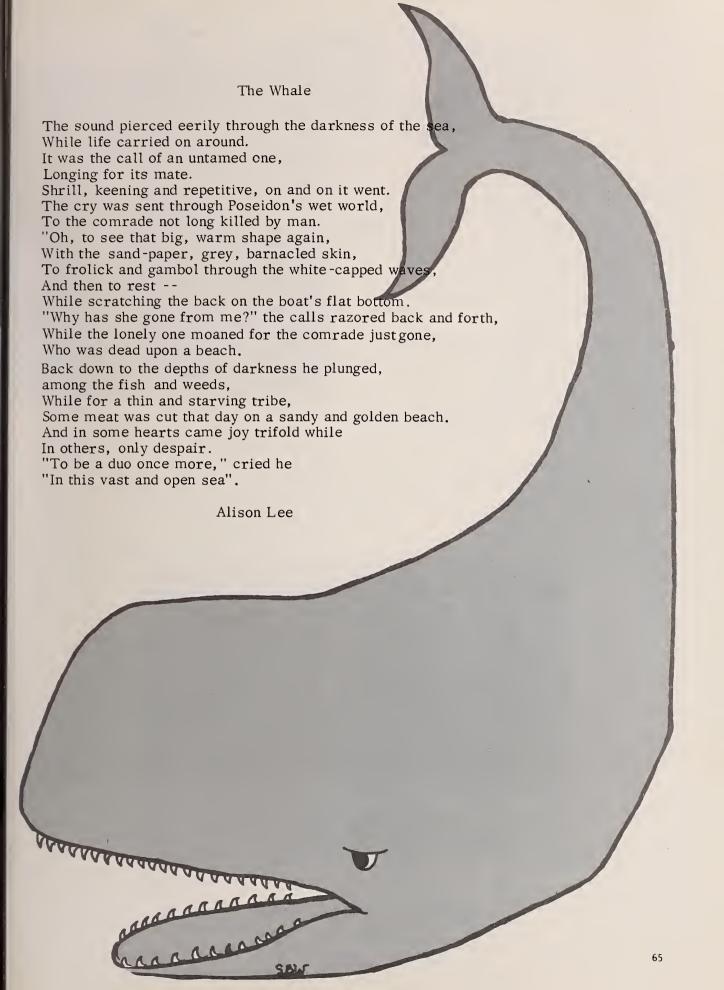
Karen Molson

The Search
I was born and raised,
Chastised and praised,
But knew not of the light.

I was sent to school,
Given the gift of sight,
But all was dark,
And I searched for the light.

I lived and worked,
And smiled and cried,
I grew and aged,
I lived and died,
And now there is no light.

Candy Warren



"THE FISHERMEN'S RETURN"

In the depths of a dark gloomy night, While all the world is at rest, The fishermen make their way home after A day of casting nets.

The crashing sounds of waves are heard, And the faint flicker of lights are seen. On the shore a part of the world is alive As a few families from the village unite. The boats draw closer, and the wives anxiously Await.

Mothers cannot hold back their children; they See their fathers' faces and go splashing through the waves.

At last the families are united, And to the long awaited mothers and children The day has just ended with the Fishermen's Return.

Anonymous







SHE PRINCE AND HIS POSTY

FORSAKEN WINDS BLEW UPON HIS FACE,

TORGOTTEN TEARS FELL WITHOUT DISGRACE.

HIS CURLED BLACK LOCKS WERE GENTLY BLOWN,

AND COVERED HIS CAPE WHERE IT WAS SEWN.

NO FORTUNES NOR PIGHTING COULD WIN THIS GAME.

HE CRIED FOR HIS'STEED, NOW PERMANENTLY LAME.

MIZ



EVAPORATION

The clouds are weeping; their tears are shed upon my pain, i hear their sorrowful cries as i sit alone in my light, i hear the sun laughing at the sun's plight: she is pleased at her creation.

Debby Jamieson

FRIENDS

They laughed as they danced, They smiled as they talked. Cried without reason, Talked without thought

They sat up till dawn, They walked by the sea, Could this they, Be you and me?

S.J.

IN SEARCH OF PARADISE

If only once I could borrow the wings of an albatross, I would soar to the ends of this earth; that is, where a great rainbow just grazes the sapphire vault of heaven. I would find "Paradise" . . . I am certain of it!

E. Camp

The black, billowing mass loomed ominously over the horizon. It advanced slowly but with terrifying determination. Its body moved to shield the earth from the sun, robbing the earth of heat and hope. Its claws raked the heavens, scarring the purity of the blue sky. It clutched blindly at the ground, soaring in the heights of man's fear and plunging to the depths of evil. The gaping jaws opened wide to engulf the earth and to flood it with evil desires.

Terrified creatures fled from beneath the seething mass, the trees swayed wildly,

striking and tearing at the force that was engulfing them.

Yet the evil could not be stopped. It approached with new confidence in its power - the power to destroy, the light dimmed as the mass moved across the face of the sun. The wind grew savage as it sought to escape from the inevitable. Fled from the dark, uprooting trees and destroying objects in its path.

Suddenly the sun pierced through the darkness with a ray of triumph. The evil mass recoiled from the warmth, seething with hatred as it retreated once again into the horizon

Slowly it drew into itself to wait for another chance to ravage the earth.

Then a voice pierced through the silence of victory: "Funny the way those rain clouds never actually come to anything."

Sue Warren

DEATH

Is it light, or Is it dark? Is it peace, or Is it hell? Tell me someone, I have to know. Are there pearly gates Are there black iron gates? Are there angels guarding the door Is it a three-headed beast? Tell me someone, I have to know. And when I knock Who will answer? Shining Gods of good and evil No one, just the earth I was put in. Tell me someone I have to know.

Elizabeth Seward

ALONE

Alone
With the vastness of the universe,
Silence all around.
Blackness surrounding and
Alone.

While I remember how it used to be Rushing by with the millions, A part of them, but still Alone

And yet,
While everything is void
Of life, thought and soul.
And the abyss yawns wider,
I think of how it might be
In the future.

A part of crowds again, Rushing by to meet someone Loved, or to be met by Someone loved.

And will it be loving and caring for people And being loved in return Or will it be an empty blackness As is now? Will it be

Alone.
With the vastness of the universe.
Blackness surrounding and
Alone.

Alison Lee



A DAY AT AN ASYLUM

Locked in a room enravelled in a bright, uncomfortable jacket I cannot move. stuck behind different bars. a room full of gawking people, new idiots for friends. Wild, roaring emotions, rushing doctors, a tranquil imbecile. People chewing glass, others sitting staring, a load of looneys, acting sane won't get you out, neither will acting crazy, I must find a way. Peace roams the air, save for the unnatural of patients, an Asylum. Walls of purity, reflect upon the white-washed faces of the victims of mind control.

Fiona Gale

THERE SAT AN OLD LADY . . .

There sat the old lady, she looked so young, yet she was so old. Her wrinkled face, With a little speck of freckles. Her life all flown by, just like her white hair all unruly, disordered. She feels disowned, She needs someone, vet I wonder who? As she sits all alone in the park, on a bench, listening to the sparrows singing. She has no one. Her life is deserted, her family is gone, what will she do next? She wonders if something wonderful will happen one day, but that dream lasted thirty years after. Her shoes were all worn and torn, her dress all full of patches, her mitts . . holes and her legs bare. Her winters were hard, her springs were finer, but her summers were the best. She sighs -- someone misplaced their sweater on the next bench. She has tears in her eyes. Winter was coming, and she would freeze. Her house was nothing, her money was worthless. Poor lady! There sat an old lady . . .

Debbie Seropian





GREEN EYES

The wind hugged the building and tried to hold it close. It rocked it gently in soothing silence and then tried to twirl it from the grasp of the earth. It pulled and mounted in grief outside the door, scratched on the windows and tried to make us listen. Inside, the fire was beginning to die down and with an almost imperceptible gesture of his head, the old man motioned one of us to put another log on it. The old man, as we called him, was not really old, but he had lived so fully and his memories were so vivid and many that it seemed to us that he had lived forever.

After every meal he sat and thought, he recalled past deeds and follies and looked forward to new ones, for although he was at an age when most people rest and want to die, the old man was as active as any of us. Tonight

with any luck he would recount one of his many stories, that we could add to our growing knowledge and that we

could later recount to others.

The old one pursed his lips, and leaned back against the creaky chair.
"Have I ever told you about Green Eyes?" Our answer was the same as always, fast and respectful. He smiled when he realized how solemn we were, for although we regarded his story-telling as a ritual, to him it was merely an-

other piece in an intricate puzzle.

"Green Eyes had no feelings, she wandered this land, saw people, lived, breathed, ate, but she was not involved. She felt it was too painful, to live was to hurt. She successfully avoided any emotion until she began to travel. She yawned through all the marvels of the ancient world. The scenery of the skiing countries she found overdone and the oppression of the poor in the larger countries she found repetitive.

All was rather boring for her until she came to one of the most controversial countries in our world today. I remem-

ber the night well, I was with her as we stepped off the plane, the sun was setting and the colours were unreal; purple, red and gold were mingled in the sky, and here and there a wisp of cloud would end the burst of colour in a faint curve of pure white. This land was to be loved passionately or hated. Green hated it.

We travelled through the land and she absorbed the dry grasslands, the immense lakes, the towering mountains with sheer rock faces, gradual slopes and snowy peaks. Most of all she hated the desert. The golden expanses with the vivid blood-red flowers, roses of the wastelands.
In every paradise there is a demon, and in hers it was racial hatred. From the depths of tribal memory a savage

war drum sounded and the inhabitants took to war. Friend against friend, even father against son, as those with blue

eyes fought those with green.

The night that we heard the war was on we realized what danger we were in - Green Eyes was a prime target and because we were her friends so were we. Luckily the embassy had already told us what to do should war finally explode. Our barrack-like quarters were only steps away from the embassy itself, we could take a plane and escape to safety. The nature of warfare being as it is, we only had a few minutes before the fight was over and one side the victor, the other annihilated.

We crept out of our hotel room and into a bloodbath. Mercy was not a quality shown by these people. Our landlord, a sweet old man lay crumpled on the floor, the agony of sudden death on his face. We shuffled along in silence, trying not to cough as musty dust was displaced and wafted up towards us.

The street was relatively quiet, and only occasionally a scream of death split the air and shattered our nerves. We sidled out of the door oblivious to the reddish mud in the gutter, a cur yapped only a few feet to the left of us and someone had left food in an oven so the smell of burning penetrated the most night air. I grabbed Green's hand and dragged her into the model. Little by little we slithered corner the refuse to a hour. What seemed like a way only dragged her into the mud. Little by little we slithered across the refuse to a haven. What seemed like a year only took a few minutes, or so Green told me later, and my hand touched the step of the embassy. I fumbled in my pockets for the key and tried to fit it into the lock. The sound of marching feet made me start, the key was lost in the muck. I stood, frozen - those feet could mean. The lock was feverishly sifting through the rubbish. With a cry of triumph she pushed me aside. She had the key. The door creaked open as a band of blues turned smartly around the corner. We had made it. Green seemed disinterested, she fingered an umbrella in the umbrella

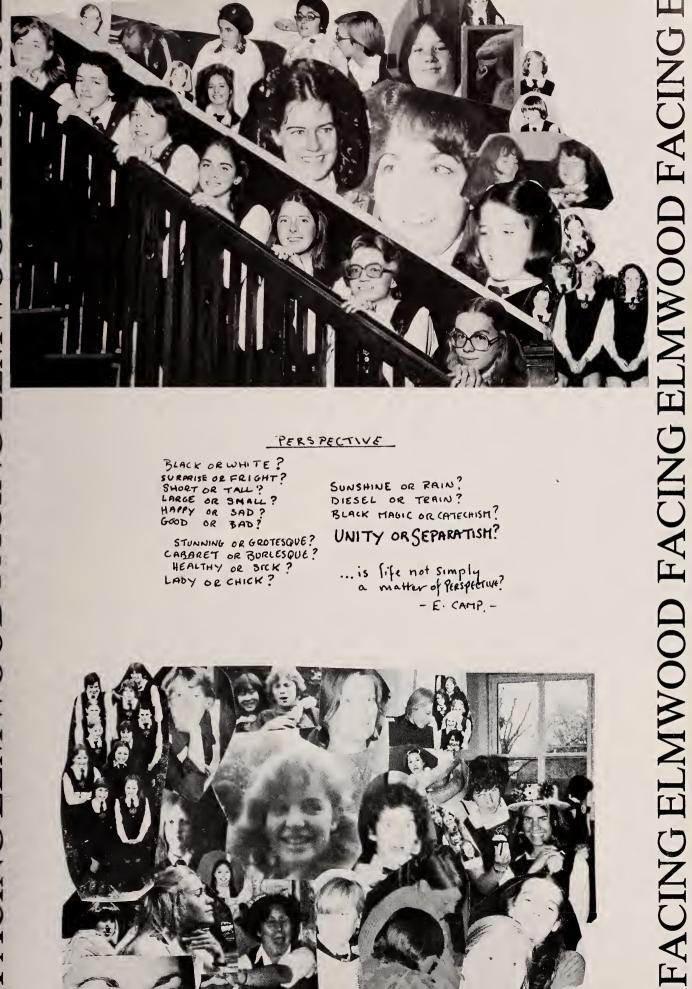
stand and swiftly complied as we were hurried to the waiting plane.

That night the moon was full. I shall never forget it as long as I live. It was so big it seemed to have taken over the sky, and surrounded the vestiges of the fight. It was the conscience of the continent, unsullied and supreme.

Like her old self, she noted and then dismissed it. About the length of the plane away a huge barbed fence kept out the last greens; they pummeled the fence screaming and then stopped and in stoic silence awaited their doom. The silence made Green stop, she had coolly inspected the refugees, the moon and then turned to face the plane. She stopped then, and turned back to look at the mob of blues, then at me and then at the waiting plane. And then for the first time in her life she laughed at the serenely silent moon and walked back to face her fate."

The old one stopped, he was moved as was obvious to us as we watched him. In deference we filed out of the little cabin and secured our collars against the driving wind and sleet to ponder in our minds the imagination of an old man.

Christine Parlour



PERSPECTIVE

BLACK OR WHITE? SURPRISE OF FRIGHT? SHORT OR TALL ? LARGE OR SMALL? HAPPY OR SAD?

STUNNING OR GROTESQUE? CARBRET OR BURLESQUE? HEALTHY OR SICK? LABY OF CHICK?

SUNSHINE OR RRIN? DIESEL OR TERIN? BLACK MAGIC OR CATECHISM? UNITY OR SEPARATISM?

... is life not simply a matter of Perspective? - E. CAMP -



ONCE HPON A SNAKE

The snake slithered across the ground. She travelled swiftly but not quickly enough, it seemed. They followed close behind. The men yelling, dogs barking and the lights bobbing up and down were frightening enough, but what was even more frightening was the fact that she had nowhere to escape to. She had hidden in the long cool grass all the days of her life. She had curled up in almost every tree around there on the hot Indian afternoons. The other animals had stayed well away from her except for the mongoose, which she had to deal with from time to time.

Now her peace was utterly destroyed. It was not her fault that there had not been anything toeat for the past two months. That was the only reason that she had ventured into the small village. Everything had been going fine until she was found by a human who was obviously deadly scared of snakes. She had not know what to do, so she did what instinct told her. She sank her fangs into the human's arm secreting her poison, for that she was being hunted down. It was a strange world

down. It was a strange world.

down. It was a strange world.

She raised her hood, common to all cobras, ready to strike with a strength that was truly amazing. The twilight played on her large scales.

She was not going to give up, not yet anyway. That was when she saw the hole. She looked around through the tall grass and made a quick dash for safety. As she entered the hole she felt the coolness sweeping over her. She left the heat and the noise behind as she rippled past each adjoining tunnel until she curled up at the base of it, too exhausted to do anything.

Very soon the sound of tramping dogs and men came sown through the tunnels. Her eyes, nose and nerves told her that she was in danger once again. She saw the stick being poked down the tunnel. It fortunately did not touch her. She waited, expecting something to happen but nothing did, the noise and the clamor just faded away in the distance.

She awoke in time to see the sun's rays filtering through the hole. She slithered out and knew that it was time to leave her old stomping ground.

She travelled on for a couple of days, keeping on the outskirts of the villages. She had never left her home ground and so, knew nothing of the outside world.

On her journey home she lived on mice, rats and lizards including the ticks which she found on them. She might have found better fare if she had passed through the many villages that worshipped snakes but that was too risky for her.

She swung herself up around the limb of the tree which served as a lookout. She felt that somehow the atmosphere was different here from what it was near the small villages. She did not know why though. She dropped to the ground cushioning her fall. She flashed through the jungle grass and suddenly came to a hedge, she stopped abruptly raising herself up in a way which looked quite impressive. She felt naked. The tall jungle grass on which she infinitely depended was gone, instead it was cropped so short as to be barely visible to her eyes. Her protection was gone and her vulnerability became apparent. She sped across the cut grass and slithered up into a pipe, which to her looked like the best hiding place in this strange phenomenon of cut grass. Up the pipe she went and down the other way, reappearing in a small space, a bathroom of a house, though she did not know it. Still ready for adventure, however unwelcome, she glided through the door and slithered across the cool tiles of the house. She sensed that there were humans present but was still not sure. She entered another room and once again the danger of her situation struck her. She saw an opening and slithered into it. What she had crawled into was a chest of drawers. After curling up in the back of the drawer, feeling somewhat safe she became quiet, but whether she actually slept is hard to say.

is hard to say.

She could sense time, two days had gone past and it was utterly dark in the chest of drawers. Someone had shut the drawer by which she had come in. Suddenly she felt a jerk and the drawer was pulled open. She stiffened as she saw a human hand, a child's hand reach into the drawer. Not being wide awake, her reactions were slow and for one second the child and the snake stared at each other. The child did not scream, suprisingly, but walked away. There was however, an immediate reaction as one human then another closed in on her. Her body contracted with every nerve alert. Just then someone jerked out the drawer and she just managed to slip down into the next drawer. She was more cunning then they, whenever they pulled out a drawer she moved up or down into the next one. She heard their cries of dismay. Finally she felt the chest being lifted bodily. She managed to escape through the last drawer.

last drawer.

She headed straight for the pipe, up she went. She came out under the corrugated roof of the house. That was when the gun was fired. Never in her life had she heard such a noise, it was even more pronounced as it echoed under the roof. Her only thought then was for escape. She poked her head out through the roof and she heard the cries and exclamations as they spotted her. Sticks were being poked through the openings in the corrugated roof. She slithered down the pipe and over the wall of the house. It was then that she felt the heavy blow of the big stick on her back. The vibration rippled through her. If she stopped she knew she would be killed but she remembered the route by which she had entered. She went through the hedge, with the humans and their guns, for she thought they were living things, hot on her heels. She disappeared into the tall grass too quickly for her pursuers.

I do not know what happened to her after that. All I know is that the men beat around in the tall grass for days after but found no sign of her anywhere.

She prepalays see head done previously and she lived I'm sure to a ripe old age.

She probably escaped as she had done previously and she lived I'm sure to a ripe old age.

By Catherine Smith



THE CLASSROOM

The children sat staring, listening Inattentively to the continuous Monotone.

The clock ticked the seconds by The children sat restlessly . . . tick tick tick

Brrring
With SHOUTS and joyous cries,
They screeched and ran outside
RECESS!

Then the cries ended and they Filed back inside.

Robyn Stoner





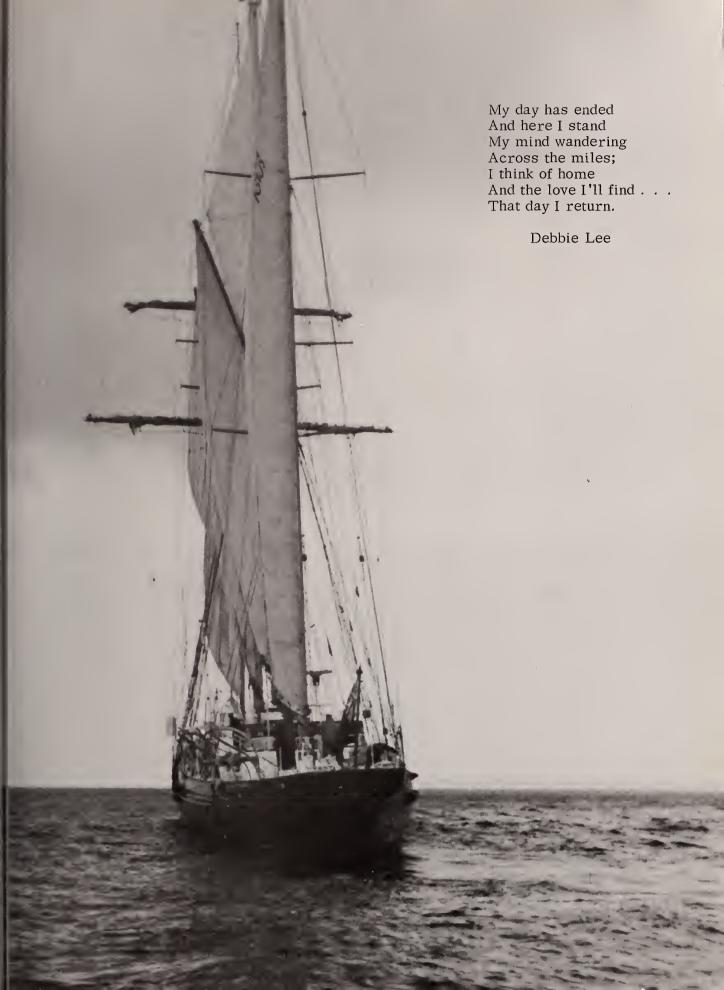
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on a branch.
cemed to be crying
s friends and longing for the sun.
elow the branch,
eyes almost shut.
cemed to dream of a world far away
with friends sharing his day

I watched while he slowly opened his ever realizing he was not in a sphere of sunships cluttered with friends; but all by himself in a grey world of much choice with much too much choice and too little love to know where to go

"Jonathan," I called "Jonathan,
I have received before thou know where to go Where flying is hard
and golding not easy
the primitise of horizons
makes induction while!"

NO NAME



Their Love

The love that was there,

Will be no more.

He offered it in amounts untold,

She refused it and turned away.

Their love was gone and would come no more.

As days passed by he sat alone,

While she had many jokes and fun,

As years grew old he went on,

While she wished for days all done.

Their love was gone and would come no more.

Heidi Blair

When Mrs. Brown awoke the next morning, she reached over to her night table to look at her calendar. Today's schedule started off with a dentist appointment.

As she was waiting in the dentist's chair with the dentist looking over into her widened mouth, he made a comment saying that she had the worst looking teeth he had ever seen in all his days of dentistry. Terribly offended by what the dentist had said, she made another appointment for the next day.

Mrs. Brown had made a hasty decision to get all her teeth capped and then she thought, why

not have them capped with gold. So . .

When coming out of the dentist's building, she spotted that one of her car tires had a flat. Not taking much heed of this she simply strolled to the pay telephone at the corner of the street.

Searching through her purse to find her wallet, only then, did she realize that she had spent every cent she owned for her teeth. Not even had she spared enough money to call for a taxi!

MORAL: Contrary to popular belief - don't put your money where your mouth is!

Andrea Korda

JRART-LIT.

JUNIOR ART AND LITERATURE CONTEST

THE OLD MAN

Slowly he walked down the old road,

The snow beating at his face,
His eyes sad, and sorrowful with all the
Life that was once in them dead and gone away.
His heart was empty, no love did he possess.
No home did he have, for he was thrown out
Into the misery and cold.
His face old and worn away during the years,
Showing the old wise wrinkles,
The old man sitting down, waiting,
With no pity, for his time was about to end,
He stumbled, fell, still he was,
No movement, stone, cold, dead.

Rosemary Clyde (First Prize)

IMAGINE . . . THE STATION

It seemed eerie Dark creeping round But yet there was light A light from enormous windows Sent shadows creeping, Set rays of straying sunlight. But that sunlight seemed afraid, Hiding perhaps Hiding in the darkness Enclosed in black, disguised, I sent a shiver down my spine. That dim large hall Dark but light That darkness hiding the light . . . I still remember now Those unseemly wicked, evil figures, Crouching in the dark, Huddled, humpbacked, forlorn it seemed, Wicked and forlorn; Waiting . . .

Janieta Eyre (Second Prize)

LOCKED IN CAGES

The sunlight drifted through the window, Into the dim, dull room.

People swarmed in queues as they waited. One by one they entered through the gate. They were given new clothes

To replace their old.

Simple dresses, shirts and trousers,

Were distributed throughout the crowd.

The room now stank
Of smoke and perspiration.
The air was thick and cloudy.
Coughs and sputters
Echoed and re-echoed
From side to side
Of the dirty walls.

People gazed around,
Thinking how ghastly it would be
To stay here for the period of time they were to.
But some of them were used to it
For this was not the first time,
Nor maybe the last.
For once again
They too would become
A jail bird locked in its cage.

Betsy Eldon (Third Prize)



Thoughts and Wonders

Sometimes I wonder if my
Dreams will come true.

If I could be the Queen with
Pearls and diamonds!

Sometimes I think that I'm
The greatest one of all!

But I know I'm Wrong:
Sometimes I just sit and

Wonder . . .

Laura McIntosh.





Awakening from a dream,
From a deep sleep.
The slow swaying of the yellow petals
I let free all my thoughts,
To listen to a soft sleepy lullaby.
And quietly lay back to sleep.

Karen Wilson

SPRING

Spring is here, the birds sing.
The snow is no longer white,
But gray with dirt.
It feels like small donuts being crushed with
Every step you take.
The buds on the trees know spring is here
And start to yawn and open up.
The wind whispers very softly
And tells you how spring comes from winter
And turns into summer.
You know it is telling the truth
So you believe it
And feel spring is really here.

C. Kelly



DOUBLE BEAUTY

The crisp wind lifts the world,
The sun comes creeping up;
It reflects the beauty of the
country
So there is twice as much in the
world,

Laura McIntosh

A BADGER AND A FOX

Once in a small forest there was a young handsome fox. One night when his mother was

telling him about other kinds of animals she mentioned a badger.

"They're rather handsome creatures, with black and white stripes," she mused. Bushy, the young fox, went to sleep trying to imagine a lovely female badger. He did not see why he had to mate with his own kind. In the morning his mind was made up.

"I'm going to find a badger for a mate," he announced. His mother looked shocked.
"You can't mate a badger!" she exclaimed. Bushy looked hurt but at the same time
there was a twinkle in his eyes. He walked out of the den in a stately sort of way with
his orangey-red tail held high with a slight arch. Bushy's mother sighed. She should stop
him but when he was determined nothing could stop him.

Bushy walked along towards the Sly Fox's den. He knew the forest inside out. He probably knew where a badger's set was. Bushy strode in and seated himself in front of the

Slv Fox.

"Excuse me, Sir, but do you know where a badger's den would be?" he asked. The Sly Fox seemed a bit suprised but proceeded to give him instructions to the nearest badger's set.

"Thanks," grinned Bushy, and went out to find it.

Soon he found a hole and old grass and leaves flying out of it. Then the dirt stopped and a black quivering nose emerged. Bushy sat back on his haunches, gazing intently at the nose. Eventually two eyes and a small but plain pair of ears appeared. Deep down somewhere emerged a growl. Realizing that the animal thought he meant harm, he rolled onto his back. The growling stopped and out came the most lovely creature Bushy had ever seen. It was short and rather plump according to fox standards. It was black with a series of white stripes running down its back.

"I'm Miranda, a badger," she said.

"I'm Bushy, a fox," said Bushy.

Miranda eyed over Bushy, her eyes stopping when they met Bushy's. Each knew what the other was thinking. Then Bushy's head turned to see a field mouse scoot by. He immediately gave chase and five minutes later presented Miranda with a large field mouse which he laid at her feet. She took it into her set and returned with a fresh fish and tossed it at Bushy's feet, uttering a pleasing sort of wheeze. Bushy gave a bark of approval and thanks, and he departed.

Miranda watched until he was out of sight before returning to the cleaning of her set. When at home Bushy ate up the fish and thought about Miranda. When his mother returned

he told her about the meeting of Miranda. She was shocked.

"You can't mate with Miranda. She's a BADGER!" said Bushy's mother. "And besides, what about the cubs?" she added. Bushy looked her in the eye,

"What about them?" Bushy did not see what all the fuss was about. He quietly slipped away towards the rabbit fields intending to catch two rabbits. One for him, and the better one for Miranda.

Soon he had caught two rabbits. A small and rather thin one for himself, and a large meaty one for Miranda. He galloped over to Miranda's set and barked down the hole. She snorted back for him to come in. Bushy followed the passage and soon found Miranda. He tossed the rabbit to her feet and Miranda snorted her thanks. When the rabbits had been devoured, he felt very sleepy. Miranda led him through a series of tunnels and they arrived at a large, neat chamber containing a pile of soft grass. Miranda nudged Bushy and he climbed in and curled up. Then Miranda climbed in and snuggled up with Bushy and they both fell asleep.

Bushy returned to his den to announce that he was moving in with Miranda.

"Wait right here," said his mother. She bounded out of the den. A few minutes later she returned with six foxes, including Sly Fox. Bushy was made to tell all about Miranda. Then there was a big argument, seven (including Bushy's mother) against one. Suprisingly, however, Bushy won, and he went off with Miranda.

Margaret Purdie



SUNSET

The bright sun,
Beating down on me,
As wild as a tiger,
Suddenly becomes as tame as a cat.
It bursts into bright colours,
Pink, red, orange, yellow.
All fade away into the growing darkness.

Caroline Garwood

MUSHROOM

Small circular mouse house,
Or ant apartment,
With a very nice view,
On the mouth of a stream
Near an exciting unexplored cave
And an extremely beautiful, shady,
tall, flowerbed.

Margaret Purdie



LIFE

It's fresh and new, a form of life

A baby soft and cool, a unique thing in itself, a flower

It's violently windy. I'm moving, swaying, falling

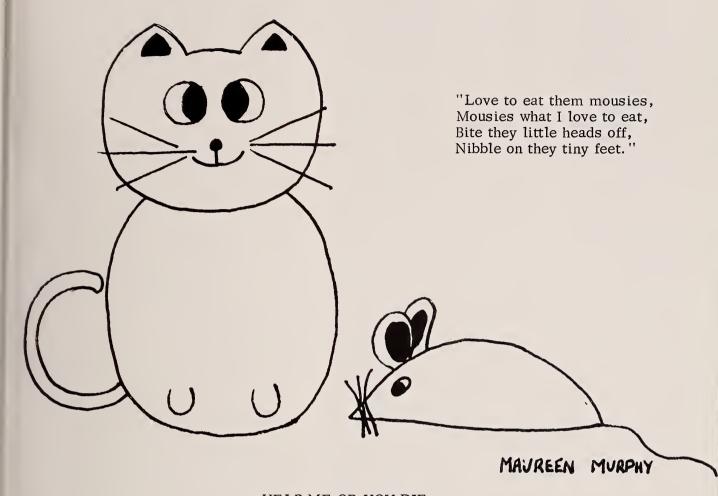
I feel a special sensation inside me. It's life.

> Carolyn Weppler

THE STILLNESS

The sun comes down
The wind stirs the ground
The cars go by
The people laugh and shout
But still on this
Day of sun and heat
There is a stillness
And silence, no matter
How much noise is
made.
This is a tranquility
Which cannot be
broken.

Jenny Leslie



HELP ME OR YOU DIE

"Did you hear me? Seven twenty at the barn? The bomb is set. Be there."

I was in a tight spot. A bomb was under my house, set to go off if I did not do what I was told. I could call the police but I was afraid to. What was I supposed to do? I was to take a sum of one hundred dollars to an old barn, two miles from the Holiday Inn.

Feeling as if I was being watched all the time, I was going out of my head. My ears were buzzing with confusion. I knew when they had got their hands on the money they would kill me; but I was stupid. Instead of calling the police, I did exactly as I was told. Somehow, not knowing, I gathered up enough money to pay off the ransom.

I took the money in a lunch bag to the barn and waited for someone to appear. Trembling as I was, I felt like running as far away as I could. The air was hot and stagnant - my head in a turmoil. I crept round the barn, hoping not to find anyone but wishing to get it over with and to get out.

After about an hour, I started to think they had not meant today. Then I remembered that I had heard a child laughing in the background and that when I had been young I had made prank calls also. Then I laughed in a sort of praying way . . .

. . . Next week

I had almost forgotten about this incident.

Gemma Devine

The clouds slide in And hide the sky, Forming a white and Blue maze. Till Finally no more is There any blue. The clouds still Continue to slide on Although the blues are All gone. As it slides It thickens; as it Thickens it darkens. Till finally the Sky is just a Mass of thick Heavy, gray Clouds.

Jenny Leslie

As the food lay on the table and the wine stood quite nearby,
The glowing embers sprang to life and burnt you in the eye.
You said "Does this mean that you don't love me anymore?"
I said "Oh babe, I wish I knew," and I ran out of the door.

The dumb door knob came off the door and fell onto the ground.
Its bang and crash and KEEABOOM made me turn right around.
'Twas then I heard your fateful scream from inside that dim room.
I got inside and saw you'd been attacked by the dusty broom.

Martha Gall

BREEZE

Piping through the leaves,
Dainty, precious,
Trying to overpower the gales that blow north,
The breeze that you touch every day of your
life without knowing,
It's a mystery,
Why is it a ghost?

Anne Tessier

A MAPLE LEAF

A maple leaf,
Opening to the sun's touch,
Gradually forming its shape,
Reaching out, finding nothing.
Slowly dusk gropes at the daylight,
Pulling it away.
The maple leaf folds away,
Leaving no trace of its presence.

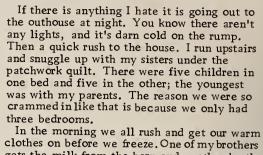
Chris McCartney

TIME

Look around,
Carefully now,
What you see you'll never see again.
See the leaves rustling in the wind?
They'll never go back to the same position.
See the grass you just walked over?
It'll never go straight again.
Look at the lake Each ripple is a different ripple,
And the waves are all a different body of water.

Sue Steers

THE STORY OF THE LOG HOUSE



clothes on before we freeze. One of my brothers gets the milk from the barn and another brother gets the eggs from the chickens. The other brother gets the wood from the wood shed for the oven. Sometimes we get maple syrup from the sugar bush just up the lane.

Mother shows us girls how to bake and sew; father shows the boys how to build and care for

Finally the week passes and it's Sunday. We all dress in our best clothes and walk to church with our shoes off; we do this so as not to wear out our shoes.

Monday comes and the boys have to start school in the one room school house. Before going to school the boys help mother hitch up the carriage to go to town with oats to trade for molasses.

We led a very simple life in our little log house in the country, but we did have fun in our own way.

Diana Fromow

A PIONEER

I could hear the winds howling outside; even our dog Jack seemed to sense something was wrong; his tail hanging limply between his legs. The children hung to mother's skirt terrified. I gazed curiously outside, half afraid myself. Even though it was dark and my bed was comfortable I couldn't sleep, not that night or for many more to come. I got up and sat by the window and after a while so did mother and father. We lit a candle and I tried to take my mind off what was going on outside by gazing into its light, picturing creatures in the dancing flame. Suddenly all was quiet, so quiet it was uncanny. There I sat, hardly daring to breathe, waiting,

waiting for someone, something, to break that silence.

The silence broke and now I wished it hadn't. For many days after that it was to be the same. A gust of wind curled and blew in all directions, till dust was dancing high in the heavens and leaves had gone from the trees. I stared now, petrified at what I saw, and then I was glad I knew not what was to come.

Mother tried vainly to act as if everything was all right, but the children didn't understand and carried on hiding and crying. Father anxiously paced the room and I knew then that this could mean a new life for us.

Every day it was worse - not just a little worse either. Now we were running out of food, and dust flew under the door covering the carpet and chairs; rats infested the basement. I was the only boy in our family so I felt it was my duty to find more food and perhaps another habitation.

I was to set out that night. I was firm with my parents, and at last they gave in seeing I was ut-

terly determined, and this was their last chance of survival.

I took the horse and a cart with some extra clothes, a rug and a small amount of food I brought myself and mother baked me a small round loaf and I set off. When I arrived back I was too late all was lost, and my family gone.

Janieta Eyre



Tree by tree, Fall to the ground Saws and chisels Humming with a sound.

Hammers and saws
From dawn till dusk
Working to conquer the land
Finally here it stands
On a mound
While the work still goes on.
Year in and year out
The pioneers work will never run out.

After the snows
He looks to the ground
Slowly he bends
To pick up the stones
That the seasons unearthed
As his pastures are finished
He looks to the far side
And spies a wall
He has made with his stones

Year in and year out . . .

Eva Goldfield

LIFELESS DEPARTURE

Death has come
To my home once again.
He has taken my child's
Soul to his chambers
Where the candles
Flicker to and fro,
Each representing a life of its own.

My child's candle
Once also flickered
But burned more rapidly
Than the other lives starting out.
She burned so quickly
That soon all that was left
Was a heap of wax No wick left to burn.

Those last moments of life
Seem so precious to me.
She was so soft, so small, so fragile.
It didn't seem possible
For her to be
Like a snuffed-out candle
Lifeless and cold.

Anonymous



NATURE

Lost in the leaves of the jungle Sweet, smelling flowers cover the pathway Footprints of rabbits, squirrels, And many other animals. Dew drops, falling one by one on soft petals of pansies Streaks of light zoom through the forest Blazing, firing heat penetrating Into our skin. Soft luscious fruit hanging on the Strangly vine Small infant flowers growing to adulthood Soft, cool refreshing water bubbling With joy Relaxing on a soft lounge chair Feeling the aching muscles relax.

Patricia Pezoulas

SNOW

Falling as though
in a set course,
It just tumbles down
faster and faster.
Then it slows,
as if it's changing
its mind.
Too late, it has reached
the ground.
Its new job is to help
thicken the white
blanket.

Jenny Leslie

NIAGARA FALLS

Crashing down like a thunderbolt,
Swishing and swaying under the falls,
Spraying up the excess water falling from the falls.
A rainbow sprinting up from the water,
Bright pinks, blues and yellows.
But now it is gone;
Just water.

Maureen Murphy





CANADA

As the winds blow, the cold winds Hit my face, my cheeks freeze. As I cry, my tears stand still. The trees fall but stand still With the ice falling from the tree tops. The cars trying to go places, people Walking places. You can look up the hills and See people skiing down the slopes, Smiling, laughing. Waking up every morning, hoping To see the sun, as the snow is melting. Instead wake up to the biggest gorgeous Snowflakes you have ever seen. I am strong, I can take the weather. No winds can blow me away.

Brenda Kimmel

THE DANCER

Like a flower opening in the early morning, Still, graceful, soft and quiet, Such a thrill of new yet old life. Up and down, round and round, dancing without a sound; When all was over, the flower closed, The dancers died. All around the clapping rose, higher and higher, Then softly fell away.

Tracey White





THE DEATH OF A SPRING DEER

It slowly falls to the ground. But why? It sinks even lower now, jolting his head in order to say "I want to live. I love my life". It hits the ground; not with the expected thud, but without a sound - as though it landed on a cloud. He looks so peaceful in amongst the pine trees with needles and cones on the ground, almost forming a bed. There is a woody smell in the air, but soon it will be overpowered by the smell of a dead animal. I will leave by then. But right now the trees are whispering and tapping out a song of death. They are not rejoicing but lamenting like all the other wood forest animals; all except the animal that does not belong in the forest - the hunter who will soon bring in his kill.

Jenny Leslie

DEER

Small quivering nimble figure, Head up, ears alert, A snap of a twig, a crumpling leaf, The small quivering figure is gone.

Margaret Purdie

COLT IN A SNOWSTORM

I'm lost, and no one cares
Alone, with swirling drifts
No one knows I'm here
Just me, and all that whiteness.

Gathering, grey clouds grow darker White foam falls endlessly. Each tiny beautiful bud of snow opens And sinks into the earth.

Angels sweep their wings down to touch the earth;
Trees guard my head from evil
The love of every frosty branch reaches out
Calling heralds low at my feet
Gradually growing more beautiful.

Gemma Devine

CAPTAIN GOODMAN

Poised, he was ready to go.

When the rest were off before him,
He realized his chance was gone.
He stood up, said to realize it was all over.
If he had had that one extra second
He could have gone himself,
He could have saved everyone,
Or so he thought.

Time passed
He was still trying to save
All the time he failed
He was in a lot of battles But he never quite got it right.

A year later, he found himself in a fire
A forest fire - started by the enemy.
Now he thought his chance had come.
He reached for his rifle
And walked, looking for his fellow companions.
No one

No one
Except the animals.

He was puzzled - but for a fleeting second.
A bomb dropped behind him;
He was thrown to the ground,
Hurt, but not badly.

He ran, dropping his rifle,
And it came The animals needed to be saved!
He tried to call the animals
To lead them to safety.

He helped the animals across the river He pulled himself up on the opposite bank,
Wet, tired and happy Feeling that he had had his chance.

"He's dead", the doctor said.

"Killed instantly"

And on all the lips were the words

That Captain Goodman was dead - shot

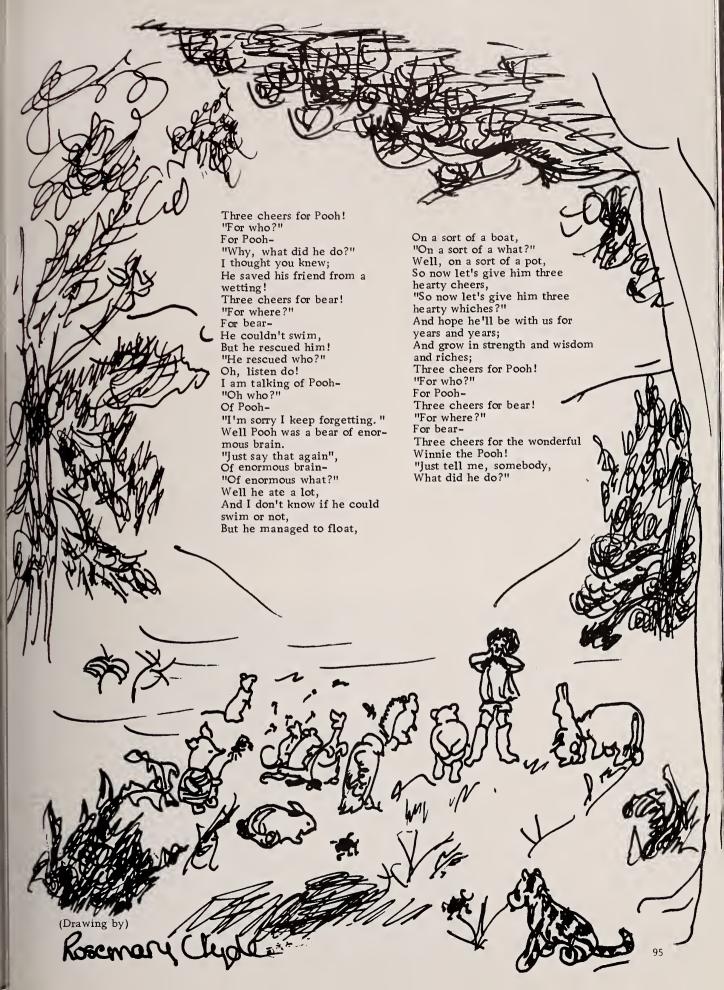
Because he had been on the wrong side

of the river,

And only the animals knew why he had

been there.

Carol Nesbitt



WINTER

Dark, gloomy, cold icicles
Hanging down from snow-top roofs,
Snow, a glistening white sheet
Covering our planet,
People surrounded by the menacing cold,
Drifting snow floating to the ground.

Patricia Pezoulas

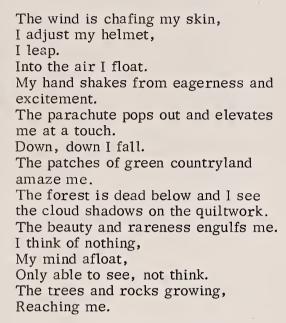


Silence. Hues of inky, thick black lies around. Sprinkles of dazzling golden and silver stars winking across the endless sky. Red, yellow, green planets spin and revolve, while dusty, powdered gases spindle about these revolving spheres.

Faraway, a bolting jet of rock rushes by at a catastrophic rate, tumbling towards Earth. Pulsating, a flaming red, it hits the blue and green planet's atmosphere. With a terrific clash of a BLAM and a KIRSH, the rock explodes, and ripping fragments fill the weightless, endless galaxy.

Martha Gall

FALLING FREE



Dorothy Schenker



Joy is too thin to Keep the soul alive, And love alone Can do it Only if you strive

Jenny Leslie

How I wish I
Could be a seagull
Soar the skies
Be free.
Be my own master
Drift down to the sea
Snatch up a fish
When I wish to.
Move where I want to
When I want to.
And land on the
Edge of a high
Brown cliff.
Then soar off again,
Later.

Jenny Leslie





AT THE ZOO

I went to the zoo the other day,
To see if the hippo could come out to play.
He smiled then said,
"I am very sorry but you see,
It's my head."
I understood he would
If he could.

Then I went over to the hyena, Whose name happened to be Rowena. She laughed, then howled, "I'm sorry, just not today." She let out a laugh Which meant "Go see the giraffe", So I headed that way.

The giraffe was in his big stall With his neck so thin and tall. I asked, he pondered, and then He responded, "Well, yes, I might." He blinked from the light, "Well, yes, I think I can", And he leaned down to lick my hand. "Yes, I can."

Lorraine Edmonds

Worm -Why do you go down there? Don't vou know you'll drown? Worm -Why do you come out in the rain? Don't you know it's slippery? Worm -Why don't you listen to me? I'm your authority! You could kill yourself! Worm -Stop! Don't drown!

Vicky Mallett

worm.



SQUIRREL

Small brown squirrel, everywhere at once, without a care, only for nuts.

Have you ever seen what loneliness can do to a house? The old Miller's house stands on top of a hill about a mile away from our farm. One day when all my work was done, I decided to go hiking up to the Miller's house. When I got there, it looked more shabby than the last time I had seen it. Then there was still some of the glossy white paint on the window frames and on the steps. Now it was desolate and there was no longer any paint anywhere. The glass in the windows was virtually gone. The front door was creaking open and closed in the soft breeze. Part of the barn roof had fallen in. Shingles off the roof were scattered all over the lawn. I felt my heart sink because I had always had a certain liking for the old house.

I walked up to the front door. The steps had caved in and one of the big oak posts had fallen to the ground - it lay rotten through. The wind creaked through the weather beaten planks on the side of the house. I shuddered; the house I had always considered my own was dying. I shouted out loud "You won't die!" and fell to the ground crying.

Tracey White

The snow seals the earth in a perfect cover, Touched only by the footprints of animals or men, Forming creases and folds which Remain until the next snowfall, Whereupon, once again, all Traces of those who passed by are erased.

Anon.



As I stagger from door to door asking people if they would care to take me in, all of them refuse. They either think I am a thief passing as a beggar, or a nobody who wouldn't be of much use. My hopes are decreasing. I don't think I'll ever find someone who will take me in. Sometimes I wonder why people don't wait to see what I really am like. I'm old, but I still have a mind. I can't work a young man's work, but I can do simple chores. For instance, I could fetch water, or could

make sure the woodbin was always full. I enjoy telling stories of my youth, and I love children. As I walk, tossing over the matter of why nobody wanted me, I come to a long, narrow road. On either side there are fruit stands. The aroma of sweet fruit floats in the air. Cantaloup abound in the carts. Sweet oranges look luscious and mouth-watering. Fiddleheads are admiring the people.

As I continue to walk I come upon a great huge yard. There are two stands supported by stilts.

A crowd is approaching, and they seem puzzled. I ask a middle-aged woman,
"What is going on?" She replies in a rather mixed manner,
"They are going to hang my son!" When she had answered my question I realized I hadn't been expecting such an informative answer.

The noise among the crowd quietened. Everyone stood staring at the young boy - a rope around

his neck. Then, a man in a black jumper shouted,
"He who finds him guilty of stealing ten loaves of bread, raise your hand." Everyone raised his hand. The man in the black jumper turned away from the crowd and pulled the rope. The moans of the young man endured only a second. He was dead. Then among the crowd, a woman came running - crying and shouting. She hated the people who had told on her son. Desperately she ran to the body and hugged it.

I slowly walked away, unnoticed. I know now I am not the only person in the world unhappy and searching for someone who will probably never come back. I look and search for a home day after day, but I guess no one will ever take me in. Meanwhile I still enjoy the kind people in markets

and the long walks beside the desolate, gravel road.



MUD!

Walking through the mud with big black boots. Splish splashing, having the mud trickle down my frozen calf. As I trudged through the half trodden mud, I saw hundreds of tiny little insects rising to the surface of this black, oillike substance. Little black bugs, half jumping, half walking, but running aimlessly, bumping one another, then running away back into the mud.

Joanna Pocock

GOOD NIGHT

Drip, drip goes my wet hair as it reaches all the way down my back.

Tap, tap go my feet as they heave themselves up the ladder to my bed.

"Phew!", finally up. It seems like hours to get up that old ladder!

Hey, there's Mrs. Scott!

"Hi, Mrs. Scott."

Hey-Don't turn the lights out yet!

Oh no.

I'm not ready yet. What will I do?

I guess it's 'Good Night Time' again!

I hate this time of the day!

Oh well...

Annabelle Mandy



Buzzing, the whole week, Here, there, everywhere, Stop, Halt, Finished.

Vanessa Thomas



The beaver dam was very small, but they said it was killing all the trees. It seemed hard to believe, but the trees were dead you must admit. The beavers had their lodge further upstream, but they did their work downstream so the water would flood their lodge. I used to think "poor beavers, getting trapped". But now I know why they would trap them; they flooded the land, killed the trees and made swamps out of very good crop land.

Jenny Leslie

A DAY WITH THE OUEEN

On a fairly cold day in October some Elmwood girls went tramping up to the R.C.M.P. Barracks, We stood in lit-

tle crowds amid thousands. Some expressions that were heard above the rest were . . . "I'm cold, Mrs. Chance!" or "I'm hungry!" or "How long until she comes, Mrs. Chance?"

Everyone was hopping up and down trying to get warm. Suddenly behind us the crowds roared up with excitement; the Canadian flags started waving furiously. The excitement in the just boiled over and I let out a squeal of delight as I saw the white feathered hat come along in an open car with her husband beside her. I couldn't have been more than three yards away from her. It was unbelievable having the Queen pass right by me waving her royal wave and smiling her special smile. It took me a couple of seconds to come out of it, but when I did everyone had the same astonished expression on.

It was going to be another half hour until she came back so we all piled into the bus to keep warm. In the bus,

everybody was squashed; in some seats there were five people; but at least it was warm.

After an anxious wait we went back to the roped-off area and waited ten minutes until she came back. The same roar of voices started up and crowds were just as excited. She came by and a few seconds later disappeared. After Elmwood was gathered together and we tramped back in twos, exhausted and happy. What a morning!!!

Vanessa Thomas

THE QUEEN

As I watched the Queen go by, She waves with a sturdy yet delicate hand, Her eyes glittered and her face was cheery.

Sheila Reid



THE QUEEN

Flags were waving, voices were yelling, we were all cheering as the Queen drove up in an open car. Her cheeks were rosy like apples, her hair dark brown and her eyes a beautiful violet. She had a beautiful turquoise suit on. Her diamonds were shining like stars.

To see her was the most exciting thing in my life.

The Queen made my day.

Caroline Martin

THE CARRIAGE

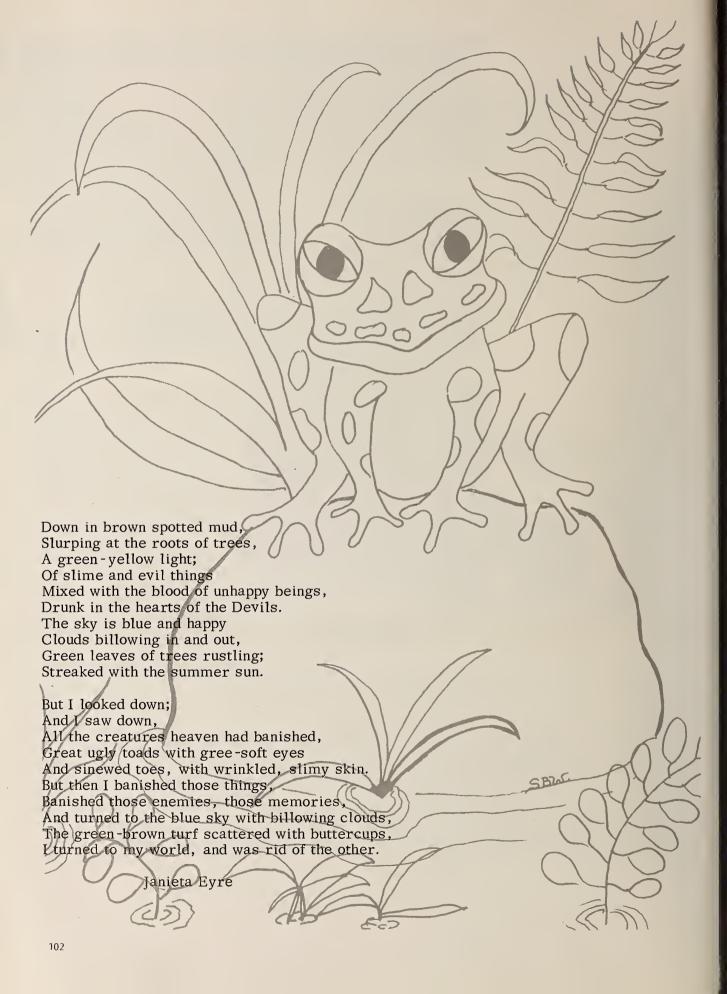
I heard the cheers surround me. My heart was pounding hard as I tried to look around the crowds. My eyes were darting around with excitement as I tried to see what was happening. I tried to block out the sounds of the crowd so I could hear the approaching horses.

Four, Eight, Twelve - more glorious horses than I had imagined marched by with proud mounties sitting straight and tall. They looked so handsome with their bright red coats.

A black open carriage followed. My eyes blurred as I stood wobbling, trying to hold myself up. I heard the cheering beating in the background. My eyes focussed on Prince Phillip seated in the carriage, with his medals flashing. Beside him sat the Queen with a radiant smile which made a flush of warmth rush through me.

I stood there agape as they passed by to open Parliament. Although Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip are not in front of me now, I can still see them perfectly as they rode by in the carriage.

Jennifer Sutherland



ACTIVITIES

CALENDAR OF EVENTS 1977-1978

SEPTEMBER

15 - School opens

22 - Grade 11 Biology trip

23 - Ottawa High Schools Tennis Tournament

24 - House Tennis Doubles. Romp Day at Ashbury/Disco

29 - Valley Tennis Tournament. Camp and Peppler advance to Provincials in Toronto

OCTOBER

4 - Coventry Day

6 - Toronto Provincial Tennis Tournament

7 - Thanksgiving Weekend

10 - Thanksgiving Day

31 - Junior Halloween

NOVEMBER

5 - Guy Fawkes Day Dance (Elmwood)

11 - Remembrance Day Holiday

18 - Parents reception

19 - Elmwood/Ashbury Soccer match

DECEMBER

7 - Exams begin

20 - End of Fall term



JANUARY

4 - School reopens

18 - Elmwood vs Sir Robert Borden on Reach for the Top

21 - Elmwood vs Gloucester on Reach For The Top. Activity Day followed by a dance

FEBRUARY

2 - Volleyball vs Canterbury

7 - Volleyball vs Charlebois

6-10 - Spirit Week (10th, half day holiday)

13 - Holiday, Mid-Term Break. Volleyball vs Belcourt

18 - ST. Valentine's Plus Four Day Dance (Elmwood)

24 - Volleyball vs Laurentian

"... IF ONLY TIME COULD STAND STILL"

MARCH

- 9 School Ski Day at Camp Fortune
- 10-28 March Break Holidays
- 29 Volleyball vs Rideau
- 24-27 Easter Weekend

APRIL

- 3 Elmwood/Ashbury Gr. 8 Student Exchange. Commonwealth Conference
- 5 German Contest Gr. 12
- 7 Commonwealth Conference ends
- 21 French Exam at Carleton, Gr. 12
- 21-22 Cabaret
- 28-30 Grade 12 Biology Weekend at Kelly Lake

MAY

- 4-6 "Crucible" (Elmwood/Ashbury Production)
- 12 Ashbury Formal
- 18 Victoria Day Holiday
- 24 Junior Entertainment Night
- 26-27 Elmwood/Bishops tennis tournament

JUNE

- 2 Sports Day.
- 8-14 Exams.
- 16 Closing Ceremonies/Elmwood Graduation Dance.









GRADE EIGHT VISITS KELLY LAKE



At the end of February 1978 the Grade Eights went winter camping at Kelly Lake in the Gatineau Park. Divided into two camping at Kelly Lake in the Gatineau Park. Divided into two groups, each of which spent three days in the forest, they hoped to learn, with the help of an unforgettable guide Michel, all the secrets of the wilderness. They performed forest studies and snow-depth analyses, while they also went animal tracking, wolf-calling, snow-shoeing, and cross-country skiing. All in all, the week was a tremendous success!

OTHER JUNIOR — **SCHOOL OUTINGS**

October - Half the Junior School from all grades to Camp Tawingo for five

> - Remainder of girls learn about Ottawa and visit with the Queen.

March 28 - Grades 4, 5 and 6 to the Sugar Bush.

- Grade 7's third annual camping trip, to Foley Mountain Conserva-May 24 tion Area, near Wesport.

May

- Grades 4, 5 and 6 to Kingston for a visit to Old Fort Henry and a ferry ride over to Wolfe Island.







THE EXCHANGE

APRIL 3-7, 1978

For one full week at the beginning of the third term, half of Ashbury's Grade Eights tramped over to Elmwood, while half of our Grade Eights went over to Ashbury. It was recognized from the start that the time would be spent more on socializing and becoming accustomed to working with members of the opposite sex than on strict academic studying. Yet, nevertheless, many found that they worked harder because they didn't want to appear "dumb or lazy". The results of the week can best be summed up by the comments of the students themselves: ELMWOOD GIRLS

"It was a good experience and a change of pace."

"It was difficult to concentrate at first, but after a few days things settled down."

"The teachers were stricter."

"There was less homework."

"Gym was much more challenging."

"Boys made school more enjoyable because they added to the class, i.e. new opinions etc.

"All the boys are super nice and considerate and polite, and I no longer think being short is so horrible."

"We made a lot of new friends, and we feel much more at ease around boys now."
ASHBURY BOYS

"I personally thought this idea of an exchange would be great, but it turned out to be better than great!"

"The teachers were nice and they taught interesting subjects."

"The staff were considerate and understanding."

"During classes girls mind their own business about things, and if you ask them, they will almost always give you a complete answer."

"Elmwood should have a prep schedule."

"Elmwood should perhaps have a new uniform."

"The day is too long and you don't get enough exercise." "... The embarrassment of not singing in prayers . . . "

"The Gym is very small, but it's a good idea to have one room for everything, i.e. sports, bake sales, prayers etc."
"It would be of value to me to have girls around while I'm failing all my subjects - they're good for moral support."

"We learned not to be so shy in front of girls and in new

surroundings. "

"Some people made friends that will last as long as he or she is

at Ashbury or Elmwood."

Feelings were mixed on the idea of amalgamation, although everyone thought the exchange was a success, and it certainly improved relations between the two schools. Perhaps, though, there is something special about an 'all girls' school - something that will be preserved for at least another few years.











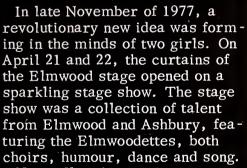












Naturally, the evening was a total success and who can forget losing the strongbox key once a week! Or finding out at the last minute that the Elmwoodettes had no costumes! However, it was great fun, and the directors would like to thank all who helped.

Pauline and Alix









Elmwood School and Ashbury College

present

THE CRUCIBLE

by Arthur Miller

CAST in order of appearance

Reverend Parris Betty Parris Tituba Susanna Walcott Mrs. Ann Putnam Thomas Putnam Mercy Lewis Mary Warren John Proctor Rebecca Nurse Reverend John Hale Elizabeth Proctot Francis Nurse Ezekial Cheever Marshal Herrick Judge Hathorne Deputy Governor Danforth Lauchlan Munro

John Lund Elizabeth Camp Angelique Wilkie Christine Parlour Rowena Maclure Iain Morton Felicity Smith Karen Molson Brian Baxter Alison Hayes Keith MacDonald Elizabeth Sellers Wayne Chodikoff Ross Brown Peter Robertson Eric Gall









A twentieth-century play, set in the seventeenth century but with a timeless meaning, came to Elmwood during the first week in May. Arthur Miller's, "The Crucible" presented jointly by Elmwood and Ashbury, was a challenging dramatic project for high school and it was carried through triumphantly.

Miller wrote "The Crucible" twenty-five years ago, when official intolerance and anti-communist suspicion, exemplified by the McCarthy investigation of political heresay, were at a peak in the United States. He chose as his subject the famous witchcraft trials which took place at Salem, in newly-settled Massachusetts, in 1692.

The play is a difficult one, intensely emotional and making heavy demands on the performers. That these demands were so largely satisfied by such a youthful cast, most of them appearing in a play for the first time, is a great credit to the players and to the direction they received from Nicky Davies and Michael Jansen.

The cast was a large one and in a production of such generally high quality, it is not easy to select individual performances for special mention. However, as might be expected in a well cast play, the strongest performances were given in the principal roles. First among these is that of John Proctor, the sturdy farmer whose refusal to be stampeded by the mass hysteria abroad in Salem inevitably makes him the prime target of official prejudice and whose destruction is the core of the play. Brian Baxter performed well in this demanding part, effectively portraying in turn ambivalent attitude to Abigail Williams, his recognition of his own spiritual frailty and his ultimate defiance of the perverse judical authority that sought to have him plead guilty when he had committed no crime.

The role of Abigail is also a key one. She represents the element of personal malice, as distinct from the theologically inspired prejudice which motivates the other unsympathetic characters in the play. She is in love with Proctor and hates his wife. She is the leader of the young women whose hysterical "crying-out" of witches precipitates the play's action. Abigail's is the most complex role in the play and to its portrayal Alix Parlour brought acting abilities that ably suggested the force of personality and strength of purpose which enables Abigail to dominate the people around her.

Lauchlan Munro, as Deputy-Governor Danforth, the presiding judge at the witchcraft trials, epitomized the Puritanical fervour that dominated the life of the Massachusetts colony. Munro combined judicial dignity and religious fanatacism in a way that made him a worthy opponent for John Proctor and his wife in the play's last act when she gave her husband the trust and the freedom of choice which strengthened him in his final hour.

Another important secondary part is that of the Reverend John Hale, the Puritan intellectual who is called to Salem to exorcize the devil. At the beginning, confident in his powers, he comes to see himself defeated by the hysteria and religious prejudice which had spread like a plague in the community. Keith MacDonald performed well in this difficult role which requires a radical change of character as the action of the play develops.

John Lund, in another clerical part, that of Reverend Parris, brought conviction to the role of a weak man who is caught up in a current of events he is unable to understand and who, through his own fears and selfishness, fans the fire that is burning in Salem. The dozen remaining players, less involved in the central action, gave performances which were never less than competent and in some cases approached excellence.

The sets and costumes deserve high praise. The several 'interior' settings required by the play's action were affectively suggested with an admirable economy of effort that took account of the physical limitations of Elmwood's stage. The costumes and properties, all made or borrowed for

this production, convincingly evoked the seventeenth century Puritan background.

century Puritan background.

All in all, a school play of very high quality that reflected most favorably on everyone associated with its production.

Mr. Barry MacDonald



STUDENTS' PIANO RECITAL

Thursday, May 18, 1978.

JULIE ANN RICKERD To the Fair - Boris Berlin Sleep My Baby - Boris Berlin The Swing - Michael Aaron LUCY WHITE Pierrot - Boris Berlin The Cuckoo - Boris Berlin Injun Days - Boris Berlin MICHELÉ FRIEND Unison Melody No. 3 - Bartok Imitation Reflected - Bartok Parallel Motion - Bartok LISA POWELL The Scissors Grinder - John Thompson The Man in the Moon - John Thompson The Cuckoo - German Folk Song MARGARET PURDIE Prayer - Violet Archer Minuet in G Minor - Bach Country Dance - S. May Kapar CAROLINE GARWOOD Minuet in C Minor - Handel Allegretto in C - Diabelli Clowns - Kabaleusky GILLIAN BENITZ Folk Song - Olive Bentley

MARION JONES Gay Dance - Joan Last The Happy Farmer - Schumann MAUREEN ASSALY In Church - John Thompson Hop O' My Thumb - John Thompson Elephants - Earl Ricker SHÉILA REID Minuet - James Hook The Enchanted Fountain - Clifford Poole VANESSA THOMAS Little Prelude No. 2 - Bach Waitz - Kabaleusky DANIELLE THOMPSON Indian Dance - B. Berlin Golden Slumber - B. Berlin In the Bay - Biehl The Marching Trumpets - B. Berlin The Clock - Y. Medin VICTORIA BENITZ Etude - Gurlitt Invention - Shishov MARY WHITE Reverie - John Thompson Chorale - Beethoven Etude - Hunter

Invention - Barbara Pentland Country Dance - May Kapar LISA SAWATSKY The Fishermen's Song - Dunhill Sleepy Owls - N. Lubarsky TOVE GHENT A Sad Song - Karl Czerny A Soldier's March - Schumann Choral - Schumann ELIZABETH SELLERS Sonata in D Minor - Comarosa Etude Op. 88 No. 6 - Berens CAROL NESBITT Etude Op. 150 No. 19 - Biehl Fantasia in G Minor - Teleman KATHY SUH Invention F Major - Bach The Horseman - Schumann JILL REID Variations - Anne Eggleston AMANDA LOVATT Cradle Song - Gliere Invention No. 8 - Bach ALISON LEE Solfeggietto - C.P.E. Bach Prelude - Ravel Poetic Tone Picture - Grieg Three in Blue (No. 1) - Ann Southam



MUSIC AWARDS

Presented to
Caroline Garwood (left).
Elizabeth Sellers (right).



JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT NIGHT

JUNE 8, 1978

Starring:

Carol Nesbitt, Betsy Eldon, Andrea Cardinal, Kathy Dick, Lisa Mierins, Jenny Leslie, Tory Benitz, Vinca Willis, Patricia Pezoulas, Eva Goldfield, Sylvie Joly, Paula Gilbert, Anne Rogers, Chris Eggarhos, Carolyn Weppler, Jasmine and Janique Lachance, Margaret Purdie, Nicola Maule, Marion Jones, Leilani, Juliana and Darya Farha, Cindy Rhodes, Karleen Lovell, Jan and Lisa Hopkyns, Annabelle Mandy, Susan Wurtele, Martha Gall, Elizabeth Sellers, Dorothy Schenker, Lynda Nadolny, Mindi Schoeller, Lisa Sawatzky, Alison Lee, Elizabeth Camp, Lucy White, Vicky Mallet, Michele Friend, Maureen Murphy, Caroline Garwood, Katherine Young, Belle Huniu, Chris Kelly, Tracey White, Linda Booker, Elizabeth Gatti, Vanessa Thomas, Jill Baker, Karen Wilson, Jane Lawson, Lisa Kelly, Chris McCartney, Gill Benitz, Andrea Arron, Sheila Reid, Brenda Kimmel.

With Special Help From: Mrs. A. Friend, Mrs. P. Seward, Mrs. K. O'Brien, Mrs. C. Schmidt, Mrs. R. Heacock, Mrs. M. Adams, Mrs. R. Benitz, Jan, Mrs. M. White, Mrs. F. Saint Macary, Mrs. F. Peat, Mrs. N. Davies.

Productions Incuded: The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, The Royal Egg, a Gymnastics display, Mime sequences, French skits, a Jazz Group, Songs by the Junior Choir, Poetry Readings, French songs and A Midsummer Night's Dream.



BIOLOGY 5A WEEKEND

"Suntan lotion, bathing suits, mosquito repellent
..." It was a great weekend, but it was also the coldest on record, and even the bravest of us didn't manage a toe in Kelly Lake. We learned about forest succession, beaver dams, and bird watching, but we'll remember many other things too...







... spaghetti sauce without tomato paste... Pauline's beaver pie... sandwiches, and more sandwiches, and more... Liz's safari jacket... racoon fights along the cabin porch... pigs in the bush, "Yes, what was that weird noise Heather?"... alarm clocks at 3:00 AM... sleeping in?... Bruce (what more need we say?)... and his recorder... Gaston de Bois... Sarah, the first to bed? Impossible... but now we know why... dishpan hands... Michel... Nadine did WHAT with Kim?... boogie men in the outhouses... falling off the beaver pond - who could be so uncoordinated?... saluting Mr. Aldous... stealing Liz's sleeping bag... munchies... a 'foot' on Lynne's bed, or so she thought... washing in 'ice' water... asphyxiating ourselves with the wood stoves... but not quite...



SPORTS



LEFT: Senior Sports Captain Sarah Murray and Gym Instructor Miss Miskelly.

SPORTS' CAPTAINS

TOP LEFT: Senior: Liz Camp, Fry; Sarah Murray, Julie La Traverse, Keller; Lynne Houwing, Nightingale. BOTTOM LEFT: Junior: Elizabeth Sellers, Nightingale; Betsy Eldon, Keller; Andrea Cardinal, Fry.



Dear Elmwood,

For endless hours of coaching, organization and patience, thank you Miss Miskelly, Miss Gwilym, Miss Gibson and Mrs. Knap, we have appreciated your help very much. Also thank you Jan for your dependability and hours of work spent on the rink, tennis courts, fields and gym. Under the coaching of Miss Gibson and Mrs. Knap we have had a very successful and enjoyable tennis year.

Last Fall Ashbury hosted a fun-filled muddy soccer game. The Juniors booted their way to a 2-2 tie and Elmwood Seniors almost won.

After Christmas, under the skilled direction of Miss Gwilym, the volleyball team played well. But for all their efforts they were not among the top teams of Ottawa.

Keller, Fry and Nightingale, with a considerable amount of roughness, competed for the Basketball, Floor Hockey, Soccer and Volleyball inter house titles. In some events the teachers were game enough to compete also! In the spring Miss Miskelly's 'track and field' team showed their excellent style in the Ottawa meets.

This year, a new addition to our uniform were the Elmwood Tracksuits. I think everyone is pleased with them.

Thanks to Julie, Liz, and Lynne as Senior Sports Captains and Andrea, Betsy, and Liz as Junior Sports Captains.

Good luck to next year's Sports Captain, It's been real!

Sarah Murray



JUNIOR SOCCER

STANDING, From Left to Right: Martha Gall, Jennifer Leslie, Betsy Eldon, Mary White, Susan Wurtele, Lucy Adams, Vinca Willis, Rosemary Clyde, Liz Sellers, Kathryn Dick, Diana Fromow, Sheila Reid, Miss Miskelly, Paula Gilbert, Tory Benitz, Andrea Cardinal.



Paula Gilbert to the rescue!



What a save!

Lucy Adams demonstrates her skills!





Top Left: Felicity Smith, Sarah Murray, Debbie Lee, Andrea Korda, Nadine Cvetanovich, Claudia Fuerst, Alison Lee. Middle Left: Amanda Lovatt, Merran Blaker, Sue Bell, Miss Miskelly, Kate Davey, Sarah Martin, Sandra Ulch. Front Left: Gill Slader, Kathy Suh, Carina Van Heyst, Liz Camp, Mary Wilson, Captain; Fiona Gale, Liz McDougall, Lynn Parker.



Debbie Lee makes a throw-in!

SENIOR SOCCER





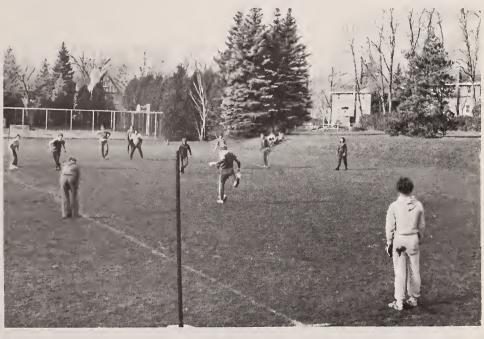
Sue Bell, a classic example of the superior sex!



Alison Lee defies the laws of gravity.



The winning goal!



Liz doesn't have to worry. She knows that she can depend on "TIDE"!

VOLLEYBALL TEAM



Top Left: Claudia Fuerst, Jenni Johnston, Rosemary Nesbitt, Sue Bell, Sarah Murray, Liz Camp. Middle Left: Sarah Martin, Liz McDougall. Bottom Left: Mary Wilson, Miss Gwilym, Coach; Sandra Ulch.

TRACK AND FIELD



The following were members of the Track Team: Fiona Gale, Claudia Fuerst, Robyn Stoner, Kathy Suh, Amanda Lovatt, Chris Parlour, Christine Humphreys, Liz McDougall, Sandy Zagerman, Kim Aston, Patricia Montero.

Kim Aston at the Long Jump.



The Senior Team from Top to Bottom: Carla Peppler, Rosemary Nesbitt, Elizabeth Camp, Susannah Power, Elizabeth McDougall, Felicity Smith. Absent: Julie LaTraverse.
The Junior Team: Mary White, Elizabeth Sellers, Lucy Adams.

TENNIS

In October of 1977, Carla Peppler and Liz Camp were the runners up in the finals of the ladies' doubles city tournament. They then went on to play in the Provincial Tournament in Toronto where they lost in the second round to a Windsor team.

During May of this year, the Bishop's team came up to play Elmwood in a series of tournaments, which were to last a good part of the weekend.

Liz McDougall and Mary Wilson as well as Felicity Smith and Mary White, won their doubles' matches. In the mixed doubles the Elmwood girls teamed up with Bishop's boys and showed their best, when they defeated the Ashbury/Bishop's teams, the score 5 matches to 1, losing the one by default!

The Inter-House Senior tennis singles was won by Liz Mc-Dougall and the senior doubles' cup by Rosemary Nesbitt and Liz McDougall. The Intermediate singles was won by Elizabeth Sellers and the Junior tennis singles was won by Lucy White.

Special thanks to Mrs. Knap who was responsible for such a successful tennis season.



Bishops and Elmwood pose for the camera.



INTRAMURALS







RESULTS:

MP - MP - A				
SPORT	JUNIOR	SENIOR		
X	FRY	FRY		
((FRY	PRY- KELLER		
	KEMER	KELLER		
	FRY	KELLER		



SPORTS' DAY

SPECIAL THANKS TO MISS MISKELLY FOR SUCH A FUN-FILLED DAY





CLOSING: JUNE 16, 1978

HEADMISTRESS' ADDRESS

Your Excellencies, parents and friends, staff and students . . . I would like to start with a word of appreciation to you, Mrs. Sellers, and the Board of Governors. Elmwood is fortunate at this time in being guided by a group of people with many talents and much valuable experience they are willing to put at the service of the school. The word dedicated was once a good one, but it has become somewhat shopworn and I will not use it of Board, or teachers or Prefects. I would rather say simply that the men and women who make up the Board of Governors of Elmwood have given much in hard work and enthusiasm. These are not easy times . . . indeed what times are? We might quote Dickens in the opening to the "Tale of Two Cities"

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,

It was the season of hope, it was the season of despair

It was the season of hope, it was the worst of times,

It was the season of hope, it was the season of despair.

words which succeeding generations have found applicable to their own era. We have to steer a small, but I believe sturdy vessel, Elmwood, through a welter of sometimes conflicting winds of change and not to lose sight of our aim - the continuing existence and viability of a school that fullfills its purpose . . . the education of girls for a widening variety of careers and for a full and busy life. It is no longer enough to sing, as we did at my school and in my

ing variety of careers and for a full and busy life. It is no longer enough to sing, as we did not school days of . . .

"Mothers of men scattered wide through the land of earth" because women face a more complicated future and more varied demands. We have to keep pace, and this sometimes means change, but not thoughtless change. In making changes we sometimes tread on a few toes, disappoint some people, but one hopes that the final result will light bonfires, and ring bells.

To the teachers, thank you . . . but no thanks of mine can equal the satisfaction that comes from a job well done. Thank you for the extra work that went into the dramatic productions, the music, the outings. Thank you for being ready to play with, as well as work with, the students. They will remember those lighter moments when they have forgotten perhaps your more formal teaching.

To the office staff . . . again a thank you . . . for patience and skill and care. All would indeed be chaos without

you.

Now for the changes . . . next year we will be once again opening our doors to Grade Three, and also next year we will be opening these same doors to BOYS in Grades Three and Four. This is not entirely new . . . from time to time I meet six foot males who introduce themselves as 'Old Girls' of Elmwood; but we have not had boys for some

time I meet six foot males who introduce themselves as 'Old Girls' of Elmwood; but we have not had boys for some time.

Next year will see a change of uniform in the Senior School. Grade Nine, new girls, and anyone else in the Senior School who wishes will be wearing what we feel is a very attractive green plaid kilt with white blouse.

The most exciting change to me is our full membership of the International Baccalaureate Organization. That is not just a challenge, though challenge it is, not just a passport to universities throughout the world, though that indeed it is. It does not only set a high standard for the academic pupil, although that is its aim . . . but it is also a step in the direction of an international community and for this the organization was first instituted, at international schools such as Atlantic College and the United Nations School in New York. It can play a part in making our young people citizens of the world. We have already participated with good success. Now we will participate fully. I will be very ready to discuss this programme with any of you.

We have had a year that has brought the usual challenges, successes and failures, some areas of disagreement and some of consensus. It has demanded a great deal of all of us and I hope we are the better for it. Students grow and mature, we expect and hope that for them, but so also surely do we, the adults, even the oldest of us.

At Carleton a week or so ago, at a meeting of the Associates, it was pointed out that although full-time student enrolment may be decreasing, there might well be more demand than ever for "continuing education". I hope so, and I would like to think that besides preparing students for careers, we are fostering in them a love of learning for its own sake, so that throughout their lives they are anxious to learn more, in all sorts of fields and disciplines. As one grows older few things are more exciting in life than to hear of grandmothers who graduate after they have become grandmothers, or remarkable athlet

but another poet said

"Come my friends,

"Come my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

My purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunsent, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die."

and more recently a more modern poet, to his father approaching life's end . . .

"Do not go gently into that good night,

Rage, rage, against the dying of the light."

Therefore I say again, you can go on learning for the rest of your life, and I wish you again, a full and BUSY life.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Your Excellency and Madame Léger, Mrs. Sellers, Mrs. Whit-

Your Excellency and Madame Léger, Mrs. Sellers, Mrs. Whitwill, honoured guests, staff, students and friends of Elmwood:

Today, I have the honour of representing the graduating class of Elmwood 1978. We are a group of girls from different backgrounds and varying temperaments, and due to the determined efforts of Mrs. Whitwill and her staff, we are now in the position to say 'Good-bye'. Our personalities are as different as our faces, yet the school, as well as giving us our formal education, has given us years of friendships, fun and some frustrations. Our teachers may have been a bit frustrated at times too!

Apart from an understanding of our chosen subjects, I think Elmwood hopes we leave with a way of thinking that is as important to us as our academic standings - that life is a mixture of good and bad, give and take, victory and defeat. We learn that each situation in our lives must be properly judged. At times we must, of course, look the storm in the eye until it ceases; other times we have to sway with the wind, bend with it, and continue to smile while it rains. This means, in part, that we must be aware of our own abilities and of those of others. We must realize that other students are as ambitious as we are, that their intelligence is as good or better than ours and that hard work is part of the secret to success.

Along with what we have learned, a few other thoughts can be added to increase the quality of life. As the old saying goes, Happenings often come in threes', and Elmwood, I am sure, would like us to remember some rules of three. I would like to give them to you now:

Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct.

give them to you now:

Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to cultivate: Courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to commend: Thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to admire: Dignity, intellectual power and gracefulness.

Three things to wish for: Health, contentment and friends.

Three things to give: Comfort to the sad, appreciation to the worthy and alms to the needy.

In summary. I would like to extend a very sincere thank you

In summary, I would like to extend a very sincere thank you to one and all of Elmwood, especially Mrs. Whitwill, my own class, and fellow prefects, for a very successful year. The graduating class knows we have your good wishes for our future endeavours and we say 'Au revoir' to you and our teachers with gratitude and respect. Clichés often say it best; therefore I will end with one. If we don't realize it now, we will later: 'Parting is such sweet sorrow. 'Thank you.



Closing this year took on a new image. It was held at 7:30 PM in Queen Juliana Hall of Rockcliffe Park Public School, and the gym was literally overflowing with people. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Madame Leger were in attendance to present two special awards. Only the Grade Thirteens were in white dresses on this occasion; the rest of the school wore their tunics and short-sleeved white blouses. The lunior Choir sang "Let There Be Peace On Earth", an honour which was the rightful reward to a year of much hard work and dedication. After Closing a reception was held at Elmwood which was followed by an Old Girls' Dance organized by the Mothers' Guild. The grounds were beautifully decorated with lights, torches and a marquee. It was the end to a year which saw a great many changes and a great many achievements.

PRIZE LIST, JUNE 1978

FORM PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE HIGHEST AVERAGE OF THE YEAR Grade 5 . . . Margaret Purdie Grade 6 . . . Jennifer Chorlton Grade 7-0 . . . Kathryn Dick Grade 7-S . . . Tracey White Grade 8-C . . . Mary White Grade 8-M . . . Elizabeth Gatti PROFICIENCY STANDING: 80% and over, up to and including Grade 10 75% and over in Grades 11, 12 and 13 . . . Annabelle Mandy Grade 5 . . . Caroline Garwood, Karen Looye, Lisa Powell, Katherine Young Grade 6 . . . Paula Gilbert, Marion Jones, Lisa Kelly, Juliana Farha, Christine McCartney, Vanessa Thomas . . . Jillian Baker, Andrea Cardinal, Darya Farha, Vicky Mallett, Carol Nesbitt, Jennifer Sutherland Grade 7 Grade 8 . . . Tove Ghent, Alex Power, Alison Robey, Kathryn Suh Grade 9 . . . Susan Isaac, Andrea Korda, Amanda Lovatt, Christine Parlour, Elizabeth Seward, Sue Warren . . . Michelle Hall, Christine Humphreys, Heather Kelly, Julie La Traverse, Candy Warren, Sandra Grade 10 Grade 11 Grade 12 . . . Elizabeth Camp, Nadine Cvetanovic, Lynne Houwing, Sarah Murray, Felicity Smith, Sandra Ulch Grade 13 . . . Pauline Blair, Alison Hayes, Rowena MacLure, Karen Molson, Alix Parlour, Carla Peppler, Angelique Willkie IUNIOR SCHOOL GRADE 8 MATHEMATICS . . . Carol Nesbitt IUNIOR SCHOOL CREATIVE WRITING Martha Gall FRENCH IMMERSION HISTORY........... . . . Susan Wurtele . . Elizabeth Sellers Jennifer Sutherland . . . Michiko Nakayama . . Elizabeth Sellers . . Elizabeth Sellers (awarded for outstanding dedication) SENIOR CHOIR . . . Alison Lee . . . Kathy Suh . . . Christine Assad . . Jillian Baker (for interest) INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH Candy Warren INTERMEDIATE MATHEMATICS Kathy Suh Andrea Korda INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE Elizabeth Seward GRADE 10 HISTORY AND ENGLISH Alison Robey . . Elizabeth Watson Fiona Gale ROTHWELL GRADE 9 ENGLISH PRIZE Alison Robey Awarded to the girl who, not neccessarily the highest in the form in studies or sports, has made her mark on the Junior School by her good character and dependability. It is given to a girl who can be relied upon at any time, and is always helpful and thoughtful of others. Awarded to . . . Jennifer Leslie (Honourable Mention . . . Anne Tessier) SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows leadership and good standing in her class, keenness in sports, and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school. Awarded to . . . Mary White . . Kathy our Lucy Adams . . Elizabeth McDougall SOUTHAM INTERMEDIATE TENNIS DOUBLES .

GREEN FORM DRILL CUP . . . 8M greatest improvement physical fitness . . . Brenda Kimmel

SENIOR INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL Keller
IUNIOR SCHOOL INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL Fry
JUNIOR INTER-HOUSE SOCCER
JUNIOR INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL
INTER-HOUSE SPORTS CUP
WILSON SENIOR SPORTS CUP
DUNLOP INTERMEDIATE SPORTS CUP
FAUQUIER JUNIOR SPORTS CUP
Paula Gilbert
CROWDY-WEIR BANTAM SPORTS CUP Leilani Farha
MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP
PHYSICAL EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL Lynne Houwing
SENIOR TENNIS SINGLES
SENIOR TENNIS SINGLES
WHITE JUNIOR TENNIS SINGLES Lucy Adams HOUSE HEAD AWARDS
HOUSE HEAD AWADE
HOUSE HEAD AWARDS Fry
hry
Keller
Nightingale
JUNIOR MATRICULATION FRENCH Sandra Ulch
JUNIOR MARTRICULATION SPANISH
UNIOR MATRICULATION MATHEMATICS Lynne Houwing
JUNIOR MARTRICULATION SPANISH
FNCLISH HIMIOR MATRICILLATION ENRICHED David Welch (Ashbury)
COVINE CRADE 12 PRIZE FOR ARTS
COYNE GRADE 12 PRIZE FOR ARTS . Felicity Smith SENIOR MATRICULATION SPANISH
SENIOR MATRICULATION STANIST
SENIOR MATRICULATION FREINCH
SENIOR MATRICULATION MATHEMATICS
SENIOR MAIRICULATION PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY Carla Peppler
SENIOR MATRICULATION BIOLOGY Felicity Smith
SENIOR MATRICULATION ARTS
SENIOR MATRICULATION HISTORY
SENIOR MATRICULATION BIOLOGY Felicity Smith SENIOR MATRICULATION ARTS
SENIOR MATRICULATION ENGLISH AND DRAMA
McKEE FINE ARTS CUP
OLD GIRLS' HOUSE MOTTO PRIZE
(Throa Cirls Fligible)
Fry: "Friendship to All"
Kollon: "Fair Play!" Nading Cyntanovic
Neither and Hay
Nightingale: "Not for Ourselves Alone"
WINNER: SARAH MURRAY
GRAHAM FORM IROPHY
HOUSE TROPHY
GRAHAM FORM TROPHY
EWING CUP FOR CHARACTER Lvnne Houwing
HEADMISTRESS' PRIZE
(for special contribution)
THE PHILPOT TOKEN
Awarded to the girl who best maintains the spirits and ideals which, as well as high standards of scholarship, achieve
ment in games, and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of service, freedom and fair
ment in games, and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of service, freedom and fair

Awarded to . . . Karen Molson

play.

SUMMA SUMMARUM Award to the Senior Girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of the School and who possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship and the capacity to achieve. The winner's name to be added to the illustrious list on the plaque in the hall.

Awarded to . . . Jennifer Johnston
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S MEDAL FOR HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN GRADE 12

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ASHBURY FORMAL, 1978



From Left to Right: A friend, Ann Beaudry, Heather McPhee, Arnie Mierins, Johanne Marois, Michel Langlois.

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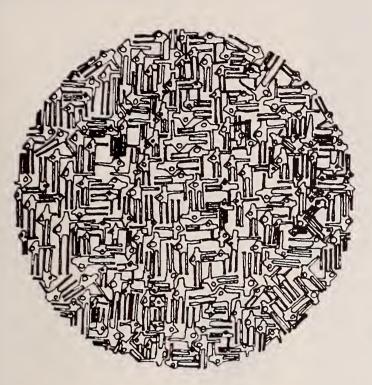
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LINCOLN FIELDS





This drawing, called "Decision '78", was done by a third-year student in the School of Architecture here at Carleton University. One thing we like about the drawing is that everyone who sees it gets a different impression of what it says about life, and making decisions, and the future.

If you're leaving high school this year, one "Decision '78" that you have to make is where, or even whether, to get a university education. And if you're seriously considering going to university, we'd like you to think a little about Carleton.

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GRADE 13 MEMORIES

"THAT WILL GO IN SAMARA!"

"Are you working tonight?" . . . chip dip . . . Disco Erotica . . . "To celebrate my eighteenth birthday, I'll have a Shirley Temple, please."... Alix's 'great theories' . . . Southern and Seven . . . "How do you like our window?"... "Help! I'm being attacked by a radiator!"... to the Bay for tea . . . flaking out on the couch Friday mornings . . . little Froggy . . . "Let's go to Alix's for breakfast!" . . . the Biology Field Trip - right, Beaver? . . . "Where were you in prayers this morning?" . . . "Agueda has lost her glasses AGAIN?" . . . Granny Smith apples . . . Jane's excuses . . . "Just brush my teeth before you leave me, An-gel" . . . British flag hanging upside-down from the ceiling . . . "What - another vote? Let's vote on the vote!" . . . champagne and cheese party . . . bird seed fights . . . Gandalf and Thaddeus... "Who's bra was found in the back of the Volaré?"...
"Puke to the left!"... Agueda's bird watching... Ashbury Grade 12's (and Grade 13's)... Florida in the March Break... 101 things you can do with a squeegie bottle . . . "Was anything brought up in Students' Council? Yes, lunch!"... pick, pick, pick... Disco Viva... "You steaming twit"... picnics in the park... "Oh John, give me a word, a soft word... "... "Torn between two lovers..."... Poop de la Loop!... Mrs. Liticia Campbell Mathews Smythe? . . . G.D.H. and "the s . . t will really hit the fan!" . . . signing-out book: 'Grade 13 to see the Queen' . . . "My brain works only on Saturdays by appointment, and never on Sundays!" . . . the Sunlamp . . . "The Crucible" practices ('my-one-and-only-besides-all-the-others') ... AG-NES! ... Oh, gross ... the Orange Craze ... water fights and naval manoeuvres on the third floor . . . "Are you going to the Formal, the Unformal, the Semi-formal, the Informal, or the Apple Juice Party?" . . . jumping on the common room floor . . . hiding in the closet for two periods . . . Rosemary's workie boots . . . bandit bandit bandit! . . . "Let's go for a drive in the cemetery!" . . . UFO's . . . "Who forgot break?" . . . Mr. Heyd: 'Liz, I'd like to go to your surprise birthday party, but I've already promised . . . Arnie, what are you waving your arms at me for?" . . . watching for Mrs. Peat's car . . . cemetery sign . . . "How rude!" . . . water fights in the Lab . . . Debbie's timetable: 'just follow the line, it's perfectly simple' 'details' . . . "God - you look awful!" . . . "Paradise by the Dashboard Light" ... Rosemary's sun resort ... "It's just a Mickey-Mouse test - "... "Shall we wake Mary up, you guys?" ... "I'm seeing double!" ... "Sorry I'm late, I had to find a parking space" . . . "Who wants to go for a Danish what?"... "Would someone water the plants, please?"... Cosmopolitan Magazine... "Look at the cactus! That's obscene!"... "I hate you!"... broken bones . . . 'see no chips, hear no chips, smell no chips, eat no chips!' ... "What's wrong with being wishy-washy?" ... "MY mother won't let me do THAT!" ... "Who's going to Baskins?" ... "The Harem" ... and then there's a Volaré, Datsun (3), Toyota (3), Renault, Astre (ash tray), Mercedes, Sportsman's Van, Volvo, Honda (Gertrude), and last and least, Austin Marina (the bum) . . . Prefects' lunch . . . "I think I'm allergic to morning" . . . "I've got enough homework to sink ten battle ships!" . . . "Give me a break, you guys . . . " . . . "Oh God, I'm going to be sick!" . . . cheers . . . "How tragic!"...SMOOOCH...







